WHEN MICHIGAN WAS NEW

HOLLANDS

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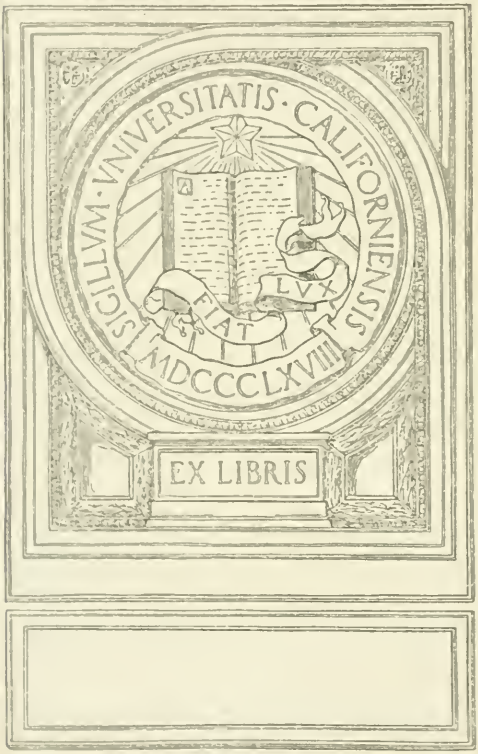

A BORDERLAND INDIAN CHIEF.

WHEN MICHIGAN WAS NEW

BY

HULDA T. HOLLANDS

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WHEN MICHIGAN WAS NEW

THE PERIOD OF DISCOVERY

THE FIRST AMERICANS

The first inhabitants of the Borderland region of whom we have any certain knowledge, were the American Indians. Where they came from is a mystery. They were here when the new world was discovered. The beautiful waters of the lakes and the rivers were their highways, over which they glided in their frail canoes. The great forests were their hunting grounds, where they followed the zig-zag trails, in search of shy bird and beast to satisfy their hunger.

From the carefully preserved records of the earliest pioneer missionaries and explorers, we learn many very interesting facts concerning them. These visitors found them living in their wigwams and lodges of skin and bark. Their homes were rude in design and construction, yet they satisfied the simple necessities of a primitive people. The wigwams were small, while the lodges were large and roomy, well lined and carpeted with fur rugs and rush mats.

Their clothing was made of the skins of wild animals, ornamented with colored porcupine quills and brilliant feathers. Strings of wampum beads were worn around the neck, and suspended from the perforated nose and ears. They plaited strips of ornamented buckskin with the strands of their long black hair, which hung in a heavy braid down their backs. The great chiefs were distinguished from the common warriors by their ornaments. Their head-dress was a tuft of eagle feathers. The necklace was made of bear's claws. The belt was the woven hair of the bear or bison and on the breast was a crescent of hammered copper.

Their cooking utensils were modeled according to their crude ideas of form and beauty, and were made of the materials that nature furnished. Some were made of stone, some of wood and others of baked clay. The latter, of which many pieces are still in existence, furnish specimens of the first American pottery.

Their food consisted of the game they killed, the fish they caught and the scanty crops they raised. Corn was the staple food, and it also figured largely in their legends and folk-lore. Besides corn, they raised beans, melons and squashes in large quantities.

Their weapons for war and hunting consisted of stone tomahawks, war clubs, spears, and bows and arrows. The bows were long and strong and were very effective in the hands of the savage warriors. The arrows were tipped at one end with flint points, at the other with feathers.

Pipes were a very important feature of all their ceremonial gatherings, their war and peace councils, and

their feasts. Some of these were made of baked clay, and some were carved from stone. They were unique and grotesque in design, but crude in workmanship.

PEACE PIPES AND STEELS FOR STRIKING FIRE.

Wampum was used by the Indians for the record and enforcement of their unwritten laws and treaties. Business transactions between different tribes, or nations, were not recognized unless confirmed by strings or belts of wampum. There were two kinds of wampum—white and dark purple. Both kinds were carved from the outer and inner layers of certain sea shells into beads of different shapes and sizes. An inferior kind of wampum was sometimes made of the small spiral fresh water shells that were found in large quantities along the pebbly shores of the Borderland. The wampum beads were strung on strings of deer skin or the strong sinews of that animals, and were then plaited into braids or belts.

"Chemaun" was the native name for their canoes. These were long, narrow, and pointed at both ends. Some were made of skins stretched over a light frame of wood, some were made of logs hollowed out until the surface was very thin, and some were made of birch bark. The latter were most in use, and much pains were taken in their construction. The bark was stripped from the tree in one piece, large enough for the whole canoe. The ends were sewed together with the fine strong roots of the cedar and then the boat was made water-tight by covering the weak places with boiling pine pitch. It was then stretched over a frame work of very thin ribs and cross pieces, made from strips of cedar, and gaudily painted with natural mineral paints. Both ends were elevated above the water, and when completed it resembled a Venetian gondola in shape. Although so light, it was very strong.

The marriage ceremony was quite simple. The bridegroom built a new lodge and furnished it. When the wedding day arrived, the bride filled a dish with corn, gathered sufficient fuel to cook it, and carried them to the new lodge. This ceremony was followed by a great feast, to which all the relatives, and sometimes the whole village, were invited.

The Indian woman was frugal and industrious. She wove the rush and corn-husk mats to furnish her home. She tanned the deerskins, and shaped them into clothing for her family. She cured the soft, rich furs of the native animals for rugs and wraps. She plaited splint baskets to hold her corn and beans, and she rolled the wild hemp on her thigh, and twisted it into twine, to make fish

nets. She tilled the ground, planted the seeds, and gathered the crops. She dried corn and beans for succotash; and melons and squashes to add to her savory venison stew. The maple trees furnished her with sweets, and the forest depths with wild fruit and berries. She dressed the game and smoked the venison that her Indian brave brought to the lodge, and she carried her papoose on her back wherever she went. When there was nothing more important to do she embroidered her deerskin blouse, scanty petticoat and moccasins, with colored porcupine quills and wampum beads. It was considered a disgrace for the Indian brave to perform menial labor of any kind. The wife was expected to do all that was necessary for his comfort and pleasure, leaving him free to hunt and fish and battle with his enemies.

INDIAN HUNTERS

As THE Indians depended almost entirely upon the forests, lakes and rivers for their food, they all became expert hunters, as well as fishermen. Some of the old men of the tribes that lived in the villages along the Borderland told the early settlers that game of all kinds was so abundant when the white men first appeared in this region that the wild animals drew up in two lines along the shore to allow the canoes to pass through the rivers between them. Herds of buffalo wandered over the prairies, trampling down the flowers and grasses as they rushed on in their clumsy manner. They roamed along the banks of the Detroit and St. Clair rivers and the wooded shores of the Great Lakes. Wild pigeons swept

along like clouds overhead, in such numbers that they sometimes darkened the sun. Flocks of ducks, geese and swans nested and raised their young among the reeds and rushes along the waterways. Great moose and elk, with horns like the trees of the forest, crashed through

INDIAN ARROW-HEADS.

the brush and thickets. Droves of deer browsed in the oak openings and black bear fed on the wild berries and acorns. The dark forests were noisy with the calls and whistling of the wild turkey and other game birds, and the prairies were alive with grouse and partridge.

During the summer the Indians cultivated their crops of corn, beans and squashes, but when the winter hunting season arrived they started on their annual hunting expeditions. Their winter hunting camps were sometimes many miles distant. For this reason the women, children and very old men were left in the villages.

The hunting camps were warm and comfortable. They were built of logs piled one upon the other, with the crevices filled with moss gathered from old trees. The roof was made of sheets of bark overlapping each other, with a hole in the center for the escape of the smoke which arose from the fire on the earthen floor beneath. The beds were arranged along the sides of the room. They were raised from the ground on logs, which were covered with sheets of bark, over which they spread their softest and warmest furs. The beds were narrow and served as seats in the daytime. These hunting camps were always built near the water, on the bank of a river or lake.

The Indians hunted and trapped the bear, the beaver, the bison and other fur-bearing animals, more especially for their furs, while the deer and elk furnished them with both skins and meat. They were experts in hunting raccoons, which they caught in traps. These traps were made of logs, and were placed near the edge of ponds and marshy places where the raccoons went in search of frogs. The Indians were very fond of raccoon meat, which they boiled and ate with maple syrup.

The annual ring hunt, in which the whole tribe sometimes took part, was held every fall before they started for their winter hunting camp. The ring was made by setting fire to the leaves and grass in a circle of fifteen or

twenty miles. This fire drove all the game to the center of the ring, where they had built an enclosure of logs and brush, into which the frightened animals of all kinds were driven. They were then slaughtered in great numbers,

SKINNERS AND HATCHETS.

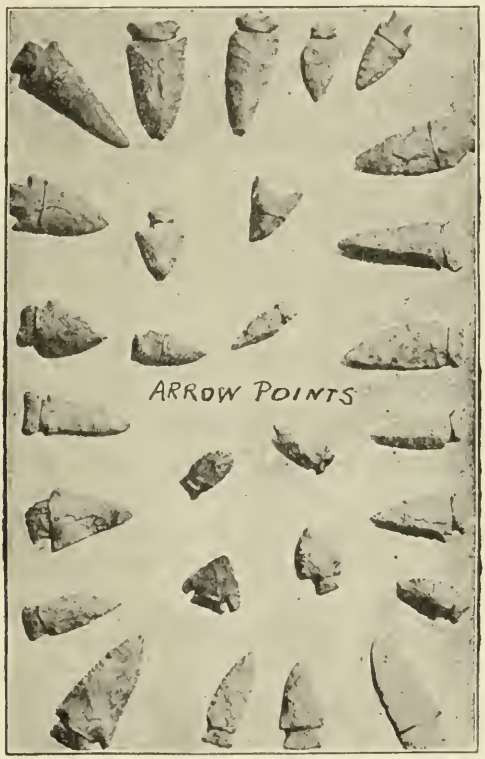
sometimes as many as five hundred deer being killed, besides other game. When the hunt was over the game was equally divided among the hunters.

INDIAN LEGENDS AND FAIRY TALES

Although the Indians had no written stories in books, or manuscripts, they had a very interesting folk-lore. There were hunting stories, and songs, and legends and fairy tales, besides the stories of their totems and of the daring exploits of their great warriors and young chiefs.

When the long winter evenings arrived, they gathered around the lodge fires and listened to these stories, which were told to them by the old story tellers of the different tribes.

Among the earliest visitors to the Borderland were the French missionaries, who came to this region to teach the red men. Before they could begin their work



it was necessary for them to learn the language of the natives. The first step in this direction was to win their confidence and good will. This was done by making them presents of generous lengths of broadcloth, gaudy colored calicoes, glass beads and silver ornaments, and by

mingling freely with them in their homes. The missionaries went with the Indians on their hunting and fishing expeditions, ate their stewed venison and succotash from wooden bowls with wooden spoons, smoked their clay and stone peace pipes around the lodge fires and slept in their wigwams.

In this way the missionaries learned to understand and speak the language of the red men, and at the same time they heard and remembered the legends and fairy tales, stories and songs, as they were told by the Indian story tellers nearly three hundred years ago. When they returned to the mission houses they wrote these stories in their own language. Many of the manuscripts which they wrote at that time have been carefully preserved. It is from these manuscripts that historians have learned much about the very early history of the Borderland. Scattered along through this history are the legends and fairy tales that were told to the first American boys and girls, long before the white men knew anything about this country.

WEENG

Weeng was the King of Sleepy Land, and ruler over all the little fairies who guarded the Indian children while they slept. During the daytime these tiny creatures hid in all sorts of curious places around the lodges and wigwams. They crawled under the loose bark on the roof, cuddled down in the warm ashes of the camp fire, or behind the birch bark mokoks of maple sugar. Each one was armed with a tiny war club. When the darkness

began to settle down over the forest they went around among the children and tapped them gently on their foreheads to make them sleep. If one blow was not enough it was repeated again and again until the eyelids grew heavy and began to droop, the heads began to nod, and one by one the children all floated away into Sleepy Land.

The Weengs were especially fond of the little papooses. They hid in the long braids of hair that hung down the mother's back, or perched upon her ear until it was naptime for the little one. Then they would tap the round black head very gently, until it began to nod, when the mother would whisper softly to herself, "The Weengs have called the papoose," and she would wrap him in the warm soft furs and place him in the bark hammock that hung from the center pole of the wigwam.

But it was not the children alone who felt the gentle taps of the tiny war clubs. The Weengs sometimes hid in the tobacco pouch of the hunter, and when he sat down on a log to rest and smoke his pipe they would climb to his forehead and give him a few taps that would send him off to sleep. Then the game would pass him in safety, and he would be obliged to return to his lodge and go to bed hungry.

Once a great hunter whose name was Iagoo went out with his dogs to kill a deer. He soon struck a fresh trail and followed it through a long stretch of forest. For a time he heard the baying of his dogs and then they were silent. He searched the forest, but could not find them. At last he drew near a lodge which was unlike any lodge he had ever seen. The sides were covered with vines, and clumps of small trees grew out of the roof. Here he

found his dogs stretched out on the ground and every one of them fast asleep.

This lodge was the home of the giant Weeng, the King of Sleepy Land. He was the friend of the timid deer, the hare and all the other forest creatures that the Indian hunters called game.

As soon as the dogs had drawn near the lodge the good King commanded his little warriors to use their clubs and put them to sleep, thus allowing the poor frightened deer to escape from the hunter.

Iagoo tried in vain to awaken them. In despair over his ill luck he cast his eyes upward, when he saw the giant King perched upon the branch of a tree overhead. He was in the form of an immense grasshopper, with many wings fastened along his back. These wings made a low murmuring sound like that of distant falling water.

As the great hunter listened to the soothing sounds he felt the gentle taps of the war clubs on his own forehead and he found himself nodding and his eyelids growing heavy. He made a desperate effort to awaken, and at last succeeded in escaping from the home of the Weengs. But, much to his regret, he was obliged to leave his sleeping dogs behind him.

INDIAN FISHERS

When there was a scarcity of game and the dried meat was all gone, the Indians depended upon the waters of the lakes and rivers for their food. Each tribe claimed its favorite fishing ground. There were several methods of catching fish. Sometimes the Indian fisher used a

hook and line. His hook was made of bone, and his line of twine, which the Indian women manufactured from the wild hemp. He also fished with scoop nets, which were made of the same kind of twine and fastened to long poles.

The fishing canoe was small and light. It was guided by an Indian who sat in the stern while the fisher stood upright in the bow or sat astride of it with the scoop net in his hands. When he saw a school of fish passing through the water beneath him he lowered the net with a quick, dexterous movement, and in an instant a number of fish would be floundering in the bottom of the canoe.

The most popular method of catching fish was by spearing. There was a fascination in this form of sport that made the red men very fond of it. When the summer night was dark and clear and the water smooth and still, the Indian fisher would light his pitch-pine torch, place it in the bow of his canoe, fasten his flint spear point to a long slender pole, and paddle silently along the reedy shore, watching with his keen eyes every movement of the water until he arrived at the sleeping grounds of the large fish. His torch not only lighted the surface of the water but he could also see the sandy bottom, where the long black pickerel, the mammoth muscallonge, the sturgeon, and sometimes the silvery white fish and speckled trout, lay stretched out fast asleep. A swift stroke of the spear, a tumbling and splashing of the water, and then a great fish was flopping in the bottom of the canoe.

One of the favorite fishing localities for all the Borderland tribes was the Rapids in the Sault Ste. Marie

River. The Indians gave two names to this place—Nibeesh, which means Strong Waters, and Pa-wa-teeg, which means the Leap of the Water. The white fish were very numerous in this river. The Indians called them Atti-ku-maig, which means the Deer of the Waters, because they were such swift swimmers. They were always

seen swimming up the rapids, against the current. Into this swiftly flowing water the Indian pushed his canoe. When it had been forced to the uppermost rapid, where the fish were most numerous, the fisher would dip up as many fish as his scoop net would hold, and drop them in the bottom of his canoe. He would repeat this operation again and again, until he had a sufficient number, when he would shoot down the rapids and return to the shore.

When the Indian cooked his fish, he hung his kettle high over a small blaze. The fish were boiled very slowly, in a small quantity of water. It was claimed that when

the fish was boiled over a brisk fire in a low-hung pot it was soft and not fit to eat.

The Indians believed that fish had souls and that these souls had once belonged to their friends, who were now in the happy hunting grounds. For this reason they never burned the refuse of the fish which they had eaten, fearing that if they did the other fish would not come into their nets. It was either thrown back into the water or carefully buried.

RATTLESNAKES

Many of the Indian tribes regarded the Rattlesnake with a supersititious veneration. They believed it was a great manitou, with power to reward or punish them according to their deeds, good or evil. One of the pioneer fur traders tells the following story:

One night when he was in camp with his party of Indian paddlers a rattlesnake appeared among them. It twisted its whole length into a coil, and raised its head as if to strike some one a fatal blow. The trader ran to his canoe to get his gun. But the Indians pleaded with him to spare the snake, and then, with their pipes and tobacco pouches in their hands, they surrounded it, and began to talk to it, calling it their great and good grandfather. But at the same time they kept a proper distance from the flashing eyes and ominous rattle.

During the ceremonies their pipes were filled and lighted and each one blew the smoke toward the snake, which appeared to enjoy the odor. It slowly lowered its head and then stretched itself out to a length of five or

six feet, and began to crawl away toward the alder thicket on the edge of the forest. The Indians followed it, addressing it as their "good grandfather," beseeching it to care for their families during their absence and to open the heart of the French commandant and persuade him to fill their canoes with rum. They begged it to take no notice of the insult offered by the trader who would have shot it had they not interfered.

At last the snake disappeared, leaving the Indians with the belief that this manitou had been sent to meet them and warn them to turn back and give up their trip across the lake to the forests of the great Northwest. But the trader threatened them with the wrath of the commandant of the trading post and coaxed them with gifts from his packages of supplies, and so at last prevailed upon them to continue the journey.

At first the weather was fine; then the wind began to blow, increasing in velocity until the Indians became alarmed. They called upon the Rattlesnake to come to their assistance, but the waves ran higher and higher and the gale became a hurricane. Their appeals being of no avail, they resorted to sacrifices to appease the wrath of the manitou. One of the chiefs wrapped a dog in a rush mat and threw it overboard, at the same time calling the manitou and imploring it to save them from drowning. But the storm continued to grow worse. Another dog was sacrificed with the addition of some tobacco, while they begged the angry manitou to save their lives, and not punish them for the insult offered by the trader.

At last one of the chiefs declared that as the trader

was the cause of the storm he must be sacrificed to appease the wrath of the insulted manitou. But, fortunately for the trader, before the preparations for the sacrifice were completed the wind began to subside, and his life was spared.

INDIAN CORN

Before the white men found the red men the zea or maize furnished the principal food for the many tribes on the continent. They believed that it was a special gift to the red man from the Great Spirit. They called it Mondamin, which meant the Great Spirit's grain.

They had a pretty legend, in which the corn-stalk in full tassel is represented as descending from the sky in the form of a handsome youth, in answer to the prayer of a young man who was fasting.

The planting and gathering of the corn was left entirely with the women and children. A good Indian housewife prided herself very much upon the quantity and quality of her winter stock of corn. Spring was a time of leisure with her and her children. The hunting season was past, and she had no meat to cure or skins to tan. The sugar making ended with the spring rains and the maple sweets were all packed away in the birch bark mokoks. When the planting season drew near, she left her lodge, and went with her children to the corn field, which was sometimes a long distance away. Here with her small wooden hoe she stirred the soil and buried her treasured Mondamin.

A curious custom prevailed, which she believed would

insure her a large crop of corn. The first dark night after the planting, the Indian wife and mother watched an opportunity to steal away from the lodge to some hiding place, unseen by her children. Here she removed her clothing and taking her principal garment in her hand she made a circuit around the field dragging it behind her. This would prevent the insects and worms from destroying the grain, as they could not cross the charmed circle.

The corn harvesting and husking was a season of merriment, feasting and song. On these occasions the chiefs and old men were pleased spectators. They smoked their pipes in dignified silence while the young men shared the labor and sport with the women and children. When one of the female huskers found an ear of red corn it was a sure sign that an admiring brave was soon to appear and she was expected to present it to some favored young warrior of the party. But if any young woman found an ear that was crooked or tapering to a point, no matter what the color might be, they began to clap their hands and laugh at the finder, and the word "Wa-ge-min" was shouted aloud by the whole party. This was considered a sign that no admiring brave would soon appear. Instead, this was looked upon as foretelling a thief in the corn field, and was considered as the image of an old man stooping as he walked between the rows of rustling leaves. The Corn Song was sung at these merrymakings. Unlike our modern songs, the chorus always preceded the stanza.

The following is a part of the Corn Song, translated from the Indian language:

CHORUS.

"Wa-ge-min! Wa-ge-min!
Thief of the blade.
Blight of the corn-field,
Pai-mo-said.

See you not traces while pulling the leaf,
See you not signs of the old man, the thief?
See you not moccasin tracks on the spot,
Where the old man stooped as he crept through the lot?
Is it not plain, by the marks on the stalk,
That the old thief was clumsy, with a limp in his walk?
Hooh! old man, be nimble: let your journey be brief.
Hooh! now it is plain that the old man is the thief."

THE LAND OF SOULS

After a long illness, during which the medicine men of the tribe practiced all their magic arts to save him, the favorite son of an Indian chief died. His body was placed on a pile of soft furs in the corner of the lodge. The father was very sad and mourned for a day and a night over the loss of his beloved son. Then in his great grief he set out with a party of friends to bring him back from the Land of Souls.

For many days they were obliged to wade through a shallow lake, sleeping at night on platforms of poles, which supported them above the water. Then they journeyed over a long, rough road, and passed a roaring river, dark and deep, which was kept full of water by the

falling tears of women weeping for their dead. At last after many days they reached the end of their journey.

Here they found a tall Indian, whose name was Papkoot-ka-root, guarding the place. He was in a great rage when he saw them approaching and held his war club

STONE AXES.

aloft, ready to strike. But when he learned the father's errand he changed his mind, made them welcome, and immediately challenged them to play a game of bagattaway. The visitors won the game and also the prize, which consisted of corn, tobacco and fruits, which in this manner first became known to the human race.

The father now began his plea for the return of his son's soul. After many hours of earnest discussion, Papkoot-ka-root at last consented to his request and placed the soul in the father's hands. It was in size and shape like a walnut. By pressing it with much force, he was able to squeeze it into a small buckskin bag, which he wore suspended from a string around his neck. Papkoot-ka-root gave him full instructions how to place it in

the body of his son, who would immediately return to life.

The father was delighted with his success, and started with his friends on his journey back to earth. When he reached his home there was much rejoicing, and dancing and a great feast was spread. The happy father, wishing to take part himself in the celebration of his son's return to life, placed the precious buckskin bag, which contained his son's soul in the hands of an old medicine squaw, who stood near him. He supposed, of course, that it would be perfectly safe in the care of so wise a woman as she professed to be.

But alas! for the poor father. The old medicine squaw was very curious to see what the soul looked like. Very cautiously she opened the bag and peeped into it. Then she took the nut in her hands. There was a loud explosion. The nut popped open and the two halves of the shell fell to the ground. Then there was a bright streak of light, reaching from the earth to the sky, which marked the passing of the escaped spirit as it once more took its flight to the Land of Souls.

INDIAN FEASTS

When the white men first visited the Indians in their winter homes they were much surprised at the social customs which prevailed. The simple natives were very hospitable. They were fond of visiting, and the aim of each family was to excel all others in spreading the finest feasts. If one was more successful than another in bringing home game or fish, he prepared a feast to which every one in the village was invited. When the hour arrived,

they all started for the entertainer's lodge, each one carrying his own wooden dish and spoon. The food was served with the greatest care, that each guest might receive an equal share of the choicest portions.

The meal was prolonged with cheerful conversation and stories of personal adventure. This was carried on by the old and middle-aged men and the chiefs. The women and girls listened attentively but took no part in the conversation. When the feast was over the women returned to their lodges, leaving the men to finish with a quiet smoke. This was the manner in which they conducted an ordinary feast. But there were many special feasts which were conducted with many ceremonies, suitable for the various occasions. One feast was held annually, to which only young people were invited. No one else was admitted, excepting the entertainer and his wife, and two aged persons who were expected to instruct the youths and maidens of the tribe. The ceremony began with a sermon to the young men and boys who were present. Here is the sermon, to which they paid the closest attention:

"Never steal, except it be from an enemy, whom it is right that we should injure in every possible way. Be brave and cunning in war, and defend your hunting grounds from invaders. Never suffer your squaws or little ones to want. Protect the squaws and strangers from insult. Do not for any reason betray your friend. Resent insults. Revenge yourselves upon your enemies. Drink not the strong water of the white man. It is sent by the Bad Spirit to destroy the Indians. Fear not death. None but cowards fear to die. Obey and respect old peo-

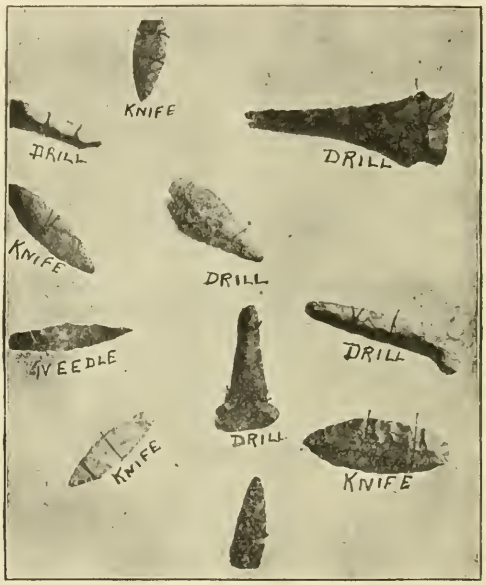
ple, especially your parents. Fear and conciliate the Bad Spirit, that he may do you no harm. Love and adore the Good Spirit, who made us all, who supplies our hunting grounds, who keeps us alive."

After the sermon was finished, much good advice was given to all the young people of both sexes. They were told to respect the aged, and listen to their counsels; never to scoff at the deformed and blind; to be modest, charitable and hospitable; to obey their parents, and to love and fear the Great Spirit. At the end of every sentence the listeners cried "Ah! Ah!" to show the speaker that they understood what was said. A prayer was then offered to the Great Spirit, thanking him for life, and for the food that was set before them.

Their everyday food was sagamite, which was a soup made from pounded corn and smoked fish. But when they indulged in a feast, their food consisted of all kinds of game, baked squash, coarse cakes made from cracked corn, and succotash made of corn and beans.

At certain seasons of the year, a feast was held to appease the demon Death. At this feast the invited guests were expected to eat all that was set before them. To refuse was a grave offense, although the feasters might suffer afterwards from overeating. This feast consisted of four courses. First there was set before the guests a wooden bowl filled with a porridge made of Indian corn boiled in grease. The master of the ceremonies fed this mixture to the guests, each one in turn, with a large wooden spoon. The second course was a large wooden platter heaped with boiled fish, which the same person served to the guests, after carefully removing the bones

with his fingers, and blowing on the morsels to cool them. A large dog roasted a crisp brown was the next course, and a dish of fat buffalo meat ended the feast. It was followed by a pow-wow which included all sorts of frightful noises, made by beating on pieces of bark and skin drums, and by incantations and magic songs. It was be-



INDIAN TOOLS.

lieved that this pow-wow would frighten away the demon of disease, which they expected as the result of gluttony.

The Burial Feast was held at intervals of six or eight years. It often happened that the Indian tribes were scattered, and their villages burned, when they were at war with each other, and they would lose sight for a time

of the temporary burial places of their dead. But when the wars were ended, and they were again at peace with each other, the bodies of their friends and relatives were gathered together and brought to a common burial place. Some of these bodies had lain upon scaffolds for a number of years, as was the custom of some of the tribes, and others had been buried in the ground.

At the appointed time the Indians gathered in large numbers near one of these burial pits, which were always located on an elevation overlooking some favorite waterway. A dark night was chosen for the burial ceremonies, and the whole place was lighted by a circle of blazing fires around the pit. Certain men were appointed, who removed the coverings from the bodies and placed them in rows. These were surrounded by the friends and relatives, all joining in the burial pow-wow, shrieking, howling and groaning for a specified time, then each tribe and family claimed its own dead. They wrapped the bodies in skins, adorned them with beads and feathers, and then placed them in the pit, where men stood with long poles arranging them in order, amid the dreary and disconsolate cries of the mourners. All sorts of gifts were placed near them, consisting of cooking utensils, weapons of warfare, wampum beads, pipes and pottery, and other articles which were considered necessary for their use in their journey to the happy hunting grounds. When all was finished, willing hands covered the precious remains from sight, heaping the earth until it arose in a huge mound over the spot. Some of these mounds are still in existence.

A great feast was then prepared, all assisting in the

preparation. The food was cooked over the fires that circled the burial mound. During the feasting which followed, each feaster placed a generous allowance of his own food over that particular part of the mound where his own friends had been placed. Some of these burial pits were in the vicinity of Detroit and along the banks of the St. Clair river.

MAPLE SUGAR

When the crescent of the Sweetwater Moon appeared in the sky, all the Indians, both old and young, left their villages and went to the sugar camps, which were sometimes a long distance away. Upon their arrival they tapped the trees and prepared the vessels to hold the sap.

Some of the early writers tell us that the French were the first white people who made maple sugar, and that they learned how to make it from the Indian women. The sap was taken from the tree in a very rude and primitive manner. With their stone axes they cut a deep gash in the tree, and into it they thrust a chip or a stick. The sap followed the stick and dripped into the vessel which was placed at the root of the tree. Some of these vessels were made of birch bark, or of gourds, some were made of buffalo hide stretched over hoops, and some were wooden troughs, hollowed out by fire or the ax. The sap was poured into larger wooden troughs, and boiled until it became syrup, or sugar.

The Indians boiled the sap in the same manner as they boiled their food. They dropped red hot stones in

the large trough, and as soon as they were cool, they took them out and replaced them with more hot ones, until the sap began to boil. They stirred it all the time with their long handled wooden spoons, until it became a thick syrup, and at last a fine, light colored granulated maple sugar. When they wished to make it into cakes, they turned it into wooden moulds, before it began to grain.

The Indians were very fond of the maple sugar. They made a delicious sweetmeat by pounding parched corn, and boiling it into maple syrup, and then moulding it into little cakes. It was also a common article of merchandise. They packed large quantities in birch bark mokoks of varying sizes, which they sold to the whites in exchange for beads, trinkets, cloth and whiskey.

One of their spring feasts and merrymakings was called the Sweetwater dance. This was held in the maple grove before they tapped the trees. It was a religious, as well as a social festival. Prayers were offered to the Great Spirit, asking for an abundant flow of sap and success in gathering and boiling it.

SHINGEBIS AND KABEBONIKA

SHINGEBIS was a wild duck. He lived all alone in a little bark lodge on the shore of a great lake.

It was winter. The weather was cold, and the ice had formed on the lake as far as he could see. He had but four logs of wood to keep himself warm, but as each log would burn a whole month, and as there were but four months before the warm spring days would come, he had no fear of suffering from the cold. Although the other

ducks who lived along the shore were almost starved, he was never hungry. He went out each day and hunted for the spots where the flags and rushes grew through the ice. He would pull these up with his strong bill, throw them aside, and then through the openings which were left in the ice, he would dive down into the deep water in search of fish. He was a good fisher duck. He knew the haunts of the golden perch, the tender herring, and the clever bass, and every night he went home to his lodge, dragging a long string of fish behind him on the ice.

And all this time, Kabebonika, the Spirit of the North Wind, was watching him.

"This is a wonderful being," he said. "I cannot understand him. He does not notice me at all. He is as happy and contented as if it was the moon of strawberries, instead of the moon of sleeping water. I cannot allow this. He must bow to me. I will conquer him."

And swiftly he flew back to his home in the far Northwest and began his work. The wind came howling and shrieking across the lake, growing colder and colder each day, bringing with it great drifts of snow, until it was almost impossible to live in the open air.

But Shingebis was not afraid of cold or hunger. When the wind howled down his chimney it blew his fire and made it burn all the brighter. And however cold the air might be he was still seen in the very worst weather hunting for the flags and rushes that peeped above the snowdrifts on the ice. And every night he dragged a long string of fish to his lodge.

At last Kabebonika became discouraged and angry. He was tired of working so hard and accomplishing

nothing. He ordered all the Wind gods, great and small, back to their frigid haunts, and he said:

"He will not notice me. I am no longer his friend, but his enemy. I shall go and visit him myself and discover where his weakness lies, that I may conquer him."

And that very night he went tramping over the snow

CLAY POTTERY FROM MOUNDS.

to the fisher duck's lodge. He placed his ear close to the edge of the door and listened.

Shingebis had cooked his supper and eaten it. He was in a very good humor and was lying on his side before the fire singing his songs. He knew that Kabebonika was before his door because he felt his cold and

freezing breath, but without a pause he kept on singing as if he were still alone:

"Windy god, I know your plan,
For you are but my fellow man.

Blow you may your coldest breeze,
Shingebis you cannot freeze.

Sweep the strongest winds you can,
Shingebis is still your man.

Here's for life, and here's for bliss—
Who so free as Shingebis."

At last, when the song was finished, Kabebonika entered the lodge and took his seat near the fire opposite the happy fisher duck. But Shingebis did not notice him. He arose as if nobody was present, and pushed the blazing log with his poker until the sparks arose with the smoke, and the fire burned very fiercely. Then he sat down and went on with his singing. The lodge soon became so warm that the tears rolled down Kabebonika's cheeks in streams and he said to himself:

"I cannot stand this much longer. I shall melt and become water like the brooks in the warm springtime. I must go out into the cold air."

He was so prostrated with the heat when he rose to leave the lodge that he limped and shuffled along with his head bowed down, like a very old man. But he became strong again as soon as he closed the door of the

lodge behind him. He roared and shrieked with disappointment and anger when he heard the happy voice of the contented fisher duck still singing his cheerful songs. To revenge himself upon Shingebis, he went all along the shore and made the ice very thick where the flags and rushes grew, to prevent him from getting any more fish.

But Shingebis was brave as well as strong. He sharpened his bill on the ice and worked a little longer and a little harder, each day, and so he still managed to pull up the flags and rushes and dive for the fish. And every night he dragged a long string over the ice and snow, ate his supper, and sang his songs before the warm fire, just as he did before Kabebonika visited him.

When the Great Spirit of the North Wind saw that he could not conquer the happy fisher duck or make him discontented, he gave up the contest.

"Some great Manitou more powerful than I am, must help him. I can neither freeze him nor starve him, I can only go away and leave him alone."

And with a parting blast that nearly tore the little lodge from its fastenings, he went away, howling and screeching at a terrific rate, back to his home in the Northwest.

INDIAN GAMES

The Indians were very fond of playing games of chance. The early writers have described two of these games. One was called the Game of Straws. It was generally played in the chief's cabin, or on the open ground in front of it.

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Little twigs, or strong straws were cut in short lengths, about two inches long. They were tied in bunches, each bunch containing an odd number, generally one hundred and one. With many contortions of the face and body, and many addresses to some favorite manitou, they were thoroughly shuffled. They were then divided into ten packages, with an awl made of a pointed bone. Then each one of the players drew a package, the one who drew the eleven straws being credited with a certain number of points. The players, who sometimes numbered from fifty to eighty, were divided into two parties. The side that won the most points received the stakes.

Another very popular game was played with plum stones, or wooden lozenges, which were painted black on one side and white on the other. These were placed in a wooden bowl. The bowl was then struck sharply on the ground, causing them to fly into the air, and then fall back again. Bets were made as to which color would have the largest showing.

Sometimes one village challenged a neighboring one. The game was then played in one of the largest lodges. Strong poles were stretched on two sides of the lodge, elevated a short distance above the ground, on which the two contesting parties sat facing each other while the players struck the bowl on the ground between them. They sometimes grew much excited as the game progressed and very reckless in their betting. They wagered all their most prized possessions, their bows and arrows, their wampum strings and belts, and their clothing. Sometimes in the coldest winter weather they would be-

come so excited that they would wager their moccasins and leggings. And then the losers of the game would tramp home through the deep snow with bare feet, in the best of humors, laughing good naturedly at their ill luck.

THE FIRE-FLY GAME

It is customary to associate the Indians who once owned all this great continent, with tomahawks, scalping knives, and cruel tortures. But there is another picture of their life with which we are not so familiar.

The first white visitors to the Lake-land region found the villages of the different tribes scattered along the borders of the Great Lakes and the connecting rivers. Here the Indians lived, happy and contented, in their wigwams and lodges. The parents were very fond of their children. While the father roamed in the forest searching for game, or paddled his birch-bark canoe to his favorite fishing locality, in order to satisfy their hunger, the mother made garments of skins and furs to keep them warm. The shady forest and the sandy beach was their play ground. Here they danced the Corn dance and the mimic war dance, sang quaint songs, and played their favorite games. One of these games was called the Fire-fly game.

When the hot summer evenings arrived, they would gather in front of their parents' lodges and amuse themselves by singing and dancing until the little fire-flies lighted their tiny lamps and began to flicker among the rushes and tall grasses. Then there was a wild race to see who could catch the greatest number; when caught they imprisoned them in little covered splint baskets.

When they were tired of play they opened the baskets and released their prisoners. While they were playing, they sang the following song:

"Fire-fly! fire-fly! bright little thing,
Light me to bed, and a song I will sing.

Give me your light, o'er the grass as you creep,
Then I will cheerfully go to my sleep.

Lend me your lamp as you fly o'er my head,
Bright little fire-fly—light me to bed.

Come! little fire-fly; come! little beast;
Come! and tomorrow I'll give you a feast.

Come! little candle, that flies while I sing;
Bright little fairy bug; night's little king.

Come! and I'll dance as you guide me along;
Come! and I'll sing you a fairy bug song."

THE INDIAN WAR DANCE

An Indian war dance was an important feature of the many ceremonials indulged in by the native red men. One of the early writers gives a good account of a war dance which he witnessed at Council Bluffs, very early in the last century. It was a large gathering, many tribes who were friendly with each other being assembled together. A bountiful feast was provided for all. The

warriors were decorated with war paint and feathers, and were dressed in their battle garments. A circle was formed by the dancers, and spectators. In the center of the circle was a tall post, firmly planted in the ground, around which were seated the singers, the drummers, and the other musicians. The instrumental music consisted of a gong made of a large keg, with skin stretched over one end. This was struck by a small stick, like a drum stick. Another instrument consisted of a strip of hard wood, notched like a saw. A small stick was rubbed forcibly across these notches, back and forth, producing a harsh grating sound. The vocalists kept good time with this rude music with their bodies and limbs as well as with their voices. When all was ready, the music and the dancing began. Three chiefs sprang to their feet and danced around for a few minutes, then at a signal from the master of ceremonies the music suddenly stopped and they returned to their seats uttering a loud noise, which by patting the mouth rapidly with the hand, was made to sound somewhat like the hurried barking of a dog.

Then amid the profound silence, a warrior left the circle and struck the post with his tomahawk. In a loud voice he begins the story of his great achievements, the battles he has fought, the prisoners he has captured, and the scalps he has taken. He points to his wounds and displays his trophies. In a vivid pantomime he fights again his battles, going through the attack, the advance, and the retreat, as it actually occurred. There is no exaggeration. It would be infamous for a warrior at such a time to boast of deeds that he never performed. If he

did, some one in the circle would approach him and throw dirt in his face and say:

"I do this to cover your shame, for the first enemy whom you meet will frighten you, so that you will run away and hide yourself."

Shouts of applause accompany the narration of the warrior. At its conclusion, he takes his seat in the circle and the dancing goes on until another warrior goes through the same ceremony. At this particular war dance was one great chief who was boasting of stealing horses. He carried a whip in his hand and around his neck were strips of leather which were supposed to represent bridles and halters. The ends were trailing on the ground behind him. He rode his tomahawk as children sometimes ride a broomstick, striking it with his whip as if it was a horse. The whole crowd shouted and laughed at his ridiculous appearance.

The war dance was sometimes called the beggar's dance, as the performers expected liberal presents of tobacco, whiskey, and trinkets, in return for the entertainment afforded the audience.

THE FACE ON THE MOON.

Long, long ago, in the very beginning of all things, there were two brothers named Good, and Evil, who helped to build this beautiful world. While Good caused useful and beautiful things to grow, such as forest's trees, nourishing fruits and vegetables, green grasses, shrubs, and flowers, Evil went about trying to spoil his brother's work wherever it was possible, by scattering

INDIAN IMPLEMENTS OF WAR AND AGRICULTURE.

seeds that would produce useless and poisonous weeds, and flowers, and vines.

Whenever they met, they disputed and quarreled about it, but Evil still persisted in his wicked work. At last they decided to settle the matter by running a race. It was agreed that the winner, whichever one it might prove to be, should be allowed to continue his work, unmolested by the other.

'But,'' said Good, ''you must first tell me what thing, great or small, living or dead, you fear most on all the earth.''

''Elk horns,'' said Evil. ''And now you must tell me what thing you fear most on all the earth.''

''Indian grass braid,'' was the quick reply.

When Evil heard this he was delighted. He ran to his grandmother, who made the grass braid, and begged her to give him a large quantity. Then he scattered it all along the path where Good was to run, and hung long tangles and loops on the branches of the trees overhead.

But Good was not idle while Evil was at work. He hunted through the forest and gathered all the sharpest pointed elk horns that he could find, and then he scattered them over the path where Evil was to run.

When they were both satisfied with their preparations, they started out on the race. At first Evil took the lead. He dodged around among the elk horns, taking long flying leaps over the largest ones, and for a time it seemed certain that he would prove the winner.

Good soon began to grow weary, but he snatched some of the grass braid from a limb overhead and ate it as he ran. This refreshed him very much and before night he

was some distance in advance of his brother. Although Evil begged of him to stop he would not listen to his pleadings, but kept on running until he reached the goal. At last Evil became so faint and weary that he could go no farther. He fell in the path and became unconscious. His brother ran back where he lay and beat him with one of the dreaded horns until he was dead.

Good was very much pleased with his success, and without a suspicion that he had committed a wicked deed in killing his brother he returned to his grandmother and told her what he had done. Now Evil was her favorite grandson, and she was very angry when she heard that Good had killed him. She told him to go away and leave her and never show his face in her lodge again. Good loved his grandmother and was very sorry that he had offended her, but as she would have nothing more to do with him he left her and went on with his work with no one to oppose him.

When the world was all finished and there was no more work for him to do he went back again to visit his grandmother. But he found her in no better humor than when he left her. She had never forgiven him for killing her grandson, and she ordered him to leave her lodge.

Upon hearing this, Good became very angry, and before he fully realized just what he was doing, he grasped his poor old grandmother in his strong arms and threw her with all his might up into the sky. And as she went flying through the blue space, she hit the moon with such force that she stuck to it, and there she has remained ever since.

And now, when the sky is clear and the full moon is

shining brightly, you can still see her angry, frightened face, with her long hair hanging over her square shoulders.

THE TICK-E-NA-GUN

The Tick-e-na-gun was the Indian cradle. It was made of three pieces of wood. The bottom was a thin board, a foot wide, and about three feet long. A band of hickory, shaved very thin, was fastened to the foot and extended along the two sides, tapering toward the head. A narrow strip, like the handle of a basket, formed an arch over the head and face. This was used to carry the cradle when the papoose was in it. All the parts were tied together with the dried sinews of the deer.

The Indian mother took great pride in ornamenting her cradle for the little papoose. She padded it with moss or hair and covered it with soft deer skin embroidered and fringed with wampum beads and colored porcupine quills.

The papoose was rolled tightly in a blanket, and bound to the cradle with bands of tanned deerskin. Only the head and neck were free, the hands and arms being fastened down with the bands. It was in this cradle that the Indian mother carried her papoose wherever she went. It hung on her back suspended from a band which was fastened across her forehead.

From the arch or handle which passed over the little one's face and eyes was suspended the basket rattle, strings of colored beads, and other rude trinkets, for the amusement of the papoose. Sometimes, when the mother

was busy, she stood the cradle on the end and allowed it to lean against the wigwam. Sometimes she hung it from the limb of a tree, to be swung by the wind or by some member of the family. But when it was cold or stormy she brought it inside and hung it from the center pole of the wigwam, near the fire.

AN INDIAN LULLABY

Swing high, swing low, my tawny papoose;
Swing with the breath of the breeze.
Swing in thy hammock of birchen bark,
Under the wildwood trees.

Swing high, swing low. By the wigwam door,
Thy mother is watching near.
She 'broiders thy robe with porcupine quills,
And hearkens, thy voice to hear.

Swing high, swing low. Far out on the hills,
Where the timid wild deer roam,
Thy father hath sheathed his arrows and bow,
And he bringeth the venison home.

Swing high, swing low. In some leafy lair,
A bear cub perchance he may see;
Then a soft fur robe, with silvery tips,
My papoose, he'll bring to thee.

Swing high, swing low. Hear the whippoorwill call
His mate from her grassy bed.
Hear the wild goose honk in the shadows dark,
As he guideth his flock overhead.

Swing high, swing low. Hark! the Night Man comes.
He walketh adown the corn;
His shadow is long, and his trail is black,
And he walketh until the morn.

Swing high, swing low, my tawny papoose;
Swing in thy birchen nest.
Now the Night Man presses thy eyelids down,
And good Manitou give thee rest.

INDIAN NAMES

It is a little more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago that we became a nation, and yet in that short time the native race of Red Men, who once roved where they pleased over all the country west of the Alleghany mountains, has disappeared. The only Indians now in existence in all that region are the poor remnants of the various tribes who are gathered from all parts of the country and herded together on the Western Reservations. When these dwindle away there will be nothing left but recorded history and the names which they applied to certain localities ages ago, to remind us that they have ever existed. Nearly every lake and stream, and hill and valley, received a name from these people, and

all had a descriptive significance, which can be traced at the present time.

Michigan comes from the Indian name Mich-sawg-ye-gan, which means the Lake country.

Lake Erie is Lake Cat, the name of a wandering tribe of Indians that once roamed along the northern borders of Ohio until they were all destroyed by the Iroquois.

Lake St. Clair was called Otsi-Keta, the Blue Sea, and the river Otsi-Sippi, the Blue river.

Algonac is the land of the Algonquins, a powerful tribe that once inhabited this region.

Lake Huron was called Kareg-non-di, the Crooked Coast. The French called it La Mer Douce, Sweet water, in comparison with the salt water of the ocean.

The Indians called Lake Michigan, Mich-i-go-nong, which means the Long Lake. They also called it Lake Illinis, for the tribe of Indians by that name that lived in the region.

They called Mackinaw, Mich-ili-mack-i-nac, meaning a great turtle, from the Island which resembles a turtle in outline. The name also comes from the Chippewa word Mich-i-ne-mauk-i-nonk, meaning the place of the Giant Fairies, who were supposed to linger over the waters of that region.

Several different names were applied to the site of Detroit by the Indians. A few have come down to us from the records of the early writers, with their meaning. Wa-we-a-tu-nong, a circuitous approach. Ka-ron-te-on, the Coast of the Strait. Yon-do-te-ga, a Great Village, and Teuscha Grondie, the name of the Indian village that stood on the site of Detroit when Cadillac arrived.

THE TIMID HARE AND THE CRUEL LYNX

ONCE there was a little white Hare, who went every day to visit her grandmother, and carry her a fresh sprig of red clover for her dinner.

One day when she was returning home she met a great, striped Lynx, who stretched himself across her path and began to sing. While his voice was soft and sweet, his eyes shone like great balls of fire. As the little Hare could not advance, there was nothing she could do but stand still and listen to his song.

> 'O, my dear little White One,
> My pretty little White One.
> Will you tell me where you are going?"

The poor little Hare was dreadfully frightened, and she ran back to her grandmother as fast as she could.

"O, Grandmother, Grandmother," cried the timid little creature, "I will tell you what the Lynx said to me," and she repeated the song.

"O, Nosese, my Grandchild," said the Grandmother, "don't tremble so. Run back and tell him you are going to your native land."

The Hare ran back to the place where the Lynx was lying, and began to sing the message that her Grandmother had given her.

> "Look yonder. See my shady home.
> To that pretty spot I roam.
> O, Golden Stripes, please let me go."

All the time the Hare was singing, she was trembling

with fear. But the Lynx did not move. He still gazed at her with his fiery eyes, and continued his own song.

"Little White One, tell me why,
Like soft leather, thin and dry,
Are your pretty ears?"

"Tswee! Tswee! Tswee!" shrieked the little Hare, and again she ran back to her Grandmother, and repeated the words of the song.

"Go, Nosese," replied the Grandmother, "and tell him that your Uncles fixed your ears when they came up from the Southland, and lined them with pink."

The little White Hare was growing more and more frightened all the time, but she obeyed her Grandmother, and ran slowly along the path, and began to sing:

"When from the South my Uncles came,
They brought these pretty ears to me,
And lined them both with pink."

And then the Hare laid her long ears back on her shoulders, and was about to run along to her home, when the Lynx arose lazily to his feet, and began again to sing in a coaxing, purring tone:

"Why do you go away,
Pretty White One? Can't you stay?
Tell me why your little feet
Are so very dry and fleet?"

"Tswee! Tswee! Tswee!" and again the terrified Hare ran back to the Grandmother with her story. But by this time the Grandmother was growing tired of hear-

ing the complaints. It was time for her afternoon nap. She was smoking her pipe, and she was sleepy and cross.

"O, Nosese," she said. "Do not mind him, nor talk to him, but run away home as fast as you can."

The Hare obeyed, and ran away as fast as she could. When she came to the spot where the Lynx had been, he was not there. She looked all around but she could not see him. This made her feel very happy and she ran swiftly toward her home.

But the cunning Lynx knew where she was going, and he had raced across the prairie, to reach the place before she did, that he might waylay her when she came down the path. The happy little Hare galloped along, singing softly to herself as she thought of her mother, who was waiting for her in the leafy hedge.

But alas! when she was very near her home, the cruel Lynx sprang out of a dark thicket and caught her by her pretty pink ears. She was too frightened to struggle or make a noise and so he carried her to his home and ate her for his supper.

INDIAN TRAMPS

After the wars were ended, and the people of the Borderland region had settled down to a peaceful quiet life, there still remained several roving bands of Indians who had no homes. Their villages had all been destroyed or abandoned and no government reservations had yet been provided for them. They carried all their property with them wherever they went and planted their wigwam center poles wherever they pleased, generally on some

sheltered elevation overlooking the water. Where they came from or where they went was always a mystery to the Borderland residents.

Their visits were always unexpected. They would enter the house without an invitation and stand silent and motionless in the center of the room. The men wore huge rings of brass hanging from their ears and noses. They would stand a short distance in advance of the others, haughty and erect, with their long, coarse black hair spread around their shoulders. Their only burden consisted of a rifle and ammunition and sometimes a bow and arrows.

Behind them, bending under the heavy burdens which they carried on their backs, were the women. Some with the few cooking utensils, and the wigwam wrapped around the center pole, some with great bundles of baskets, corn husk mats, and splint brooms, and others with the black eyed papooses seated in the blankets which were drawn tightly across the back and loosened at the shoulders, thus forming a comfortable seat, with the mother hands holding the four corners in front.

With their customary salutation, "boo-joo," they would lower their bundles to the floor, and offer their manufactured goods in exchange for provisions. Many a clever bargain was made by these old time red peddlers, in their dealings with the whites. The settlers had not forgotten their experiences in the stormy past, and often yielded their just rights rather than arouse the enmity of their old time foes. When they made their appearance near the close of the day, they never hesitated to ask for a night's lodging. They were seldom refused and bed

time found them well wrapped in their blankets, stretched out on the kitchen floor with their feet to the fire. A generous supply of logs was always heaped on the andirons in the great open fireplace to keep them warm. Their departure was as silent and mysterious as their arrival. Not a sign of them would be seen when the family awoke in the morning.

OLD MOTHER RODD

Old Mother Rodd was an interesting historical character, who once lived in the Borderland region. She was an Indian woman belonging to the Chippewa tribe. She was born in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and died in Port Huron, at the age of one hundred and thirteen years. During the later years of her life her home was on the Canadian side of the St. Clair river, near the mouth of Lake Huron. Some of her descendants are still living at the same place.

Old Mother Rodd was a familiar figure to all the residents along the shores of the St. Clair river and of the islands surrounded by its waters. The writer has a distinct recollection of her figure and dress as she appeared between fifty and sixty years ago. She was short and stout. On her broad, flat feet she wore deerskin moccasins decorated with painted porcupine quills and colored beads. Tied just below the knees were the leggins of heavy black broadcloth embroidered with beads. These reached to the ankles, and were wide enough to allow a flapping, swinging movement when she walked. The narrow skirt of the same material, which reached just below the knee, was also elaborately embroidered and fringed with beads. Overlapping this skirt for a short distance below the waist line was a sort of blouse or "short gown," as the residents called it, which was made of large figured, gaudy colored calico. This combination of waist and skirt was also worn by many of the white women, and was called "short gown and petticoat."

Old Mother Rodd was fond of ornaments. Around her neck were many strings of beads of all shapes, colors and sizes, hanging down in long loops over the front of the short gown. Outside of all these ornaments and garments was the heavy woolen blanket. This she wore spread out to its full size. It covered her head and reached to her moccasins. She held it together in front with her large strong hands. Her swarthy face was large and nearly square, with black eyes glittering between the half closed lids, and the high cheek bones characteristic of the race. Her long, coarse, black hair was plaited in one thick braid which hung down her back.

So light and stealthy were her footsteps that her coming was always a surprise. The first announcement of her approach was the sound of her voice as she entered the kitchen door with her bundle of baskets on her back, held in place by a band of bark across her forehead. Her baskets were always superior to those made by the other Indians, in the fine weaving, as well as in the design and coloring and she always found ready customers who were willing to exchange a piece of "quash-e-gun," bread, or "ko-koosh," pork, or a milk pan full of "nip-po-nin," flour, for a pretty dinner or work basket, or a three story knife and fork, and spoon basket to hang on the wall.

Old Mother Rodd had many favorite camping places along the river. One of these was in an old French orchard under a low, spreading apple tree that grew near the shore. The children of the neighborhood were always delighted when they heard the welcome news:

"Old Mother Rodd has come. She is camped in the orchard."

All hurried to the spot, dodging among the old apple trees, slipping and sliding on the apples beneath, as they raced down the hill that sloped to the river, for this old Indian woman was a great favorite with these pioneer children.

The wigwam was built around a center pole driven into the ground, and covered with old blankets and pieces of bark and buckskin, which were fastened to the top of the pole, and spread out to form a tent large enough for the large family. In front of this on the clean white sand was their fire. The food was cooked in a highly polished

brass kettle that was suspended from a stick over the fire. Old Mother Rodd was scrupulously clean as well as generous, and always shared her meal with her young visitors. And in their later life nothing ever tasted quite

BRASS KETTLES USED BY MOTHER RODD

as good as that delicious succotash cooked in the brass kettle, served in shining tin cups, and eaten with wooden spoons.

The family canoes, rising and falling on the tiny river swells, were fastened to a stake driven into the sand. Just a peep into the wigwam was all that was allowed the children. Hanging from the pole in the center was the bark hammock, in which the little copper colored

papoose rolled in a blanket, was fastened with strips of tanned deerskin. Sometimes it was hung from a limb of the apple tree, and left there to be rocked by the breeze.

A short distance back from the river, under one of the largest apple trees, was a little mound which marked the last resting place of another papoose whose spirit had roamed the happy hunting grounds for many years. With the opening of the apple blossoms each year Old Mother Rodd made her appearance and held what was called an "Indian pow-wow," over that little grave, chanting songs, and indulging freely in "Santa-waba," the Indian fire-water. Two or three days were spent in this manner, until her voice became too weak to sing and the fire-water was all gone. when she would cover the grave with maple sugar and other Indian food and leave it until the apple blossoms came again.

EARLY HISTORY OF DETROIT

MISSIONARIES AND FUR TRADERS
1610

Michigan was visited by white men several years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

Two French missionaries joined a party of Huron Indians at Quebec and traveled westward by way of the Ottawa river and Georgian bay, until they reached the shore of Lake Huron. Here they built a rude, bark-covered hut for a place of worship and hung a small bell from the center pole. This was rung daily to call the natives together for instruction and prayer. The hut was so small that it was filled and emptied several times each day.

For several years the tide of travel followed the same route as that taken by these pioneer missionaries. Although the brave voyageurs were forced to make many portages between the navigable waters, their bark canoes were so light that it was an easy task to carry them on their shoulders. As all the first explorers, fur traders and missionaries followed this route, trading posts and mission houses were established in the northern part of the state, long before there was any settlement at Detroit.

The first missionaries who were sent over from France

to teach the Indians were a brave, unselfish class of men and were very much in earnest in their work. They endured many privations and hardships, and in some cases they suffered torture and even death, by the hands of some of the more savage tribes. At first they lived the simple lives of the natives, sharing their food at the camp fires and sleeping in their wigwams, until the regular mission houses were established.

Following closely in the footsteps of the missionaries came the fur traders, who built their trading posts and rude forts near the mission houses. And here came the hunters, trappers, and voyageurs, who were in the employ of the fur traders. These men braved dangers and endured hardships such as no other class of men in our country have ever known. They were slaves to the agents of the fur companies and were powerless in their hands. They were not permitted to carry a gun lest the furs be injured by powder and ball. They were forced to take long and dangerous journeys with no weapon of defense against wild beasts and wilder Indians, but a knife and small hatchet.

These fearless navigators, who were called "coureurs-des-bois," or rangers of the wood, glided over the waters in their clumsy flat bottomed bateaux, camping at night on the shores. They were a wild looking lot of men, with flashing eyes and swarthy faces. They were hardy and enduring, with muscles that never tired. They had acquired the habits and superstitions of their savage associates and wore the dress of their Indian and French ancestors. They decorated their hair with eagle feathers and daubed their faces with vermilion and soot. Their

red flannel shirts were open at the neck to give their muscles full play and were belted at the waist with a gaudy woolen sash fringed with horse hair. They wore buckskin shoepacs and a bright colored skull cap with a long tasseled point hanging at one side.

Their minds were filled with the superstitious beliefs of the natives. They whistled through the wing bone of an eagle to drive away the thunder and they threw tobacco into the water to quiet the waves. They carried the tails of rattlesnakes in their bullet pouches to protect them from evil spirits and they were guided in all important undertakings by their dreams.

Their food while on their journeys was hulled corn and deer or bear fat. Their rations were one quart of corn, and one ounce of fat per day. At first all the corn came from Quebec, but later it was prepared and sold in Detroit. It was hulled and boiled, and then mixed with the fat. It was then moulded into cakes, and packed in bark boxes, each cake containing the proper amount for a day's rations.

The expeditions were managed by an agent, who led the voyageurs in all their journeys. He traveled in a light canoe with a full crew of paddlers. Each morning he would appoint a camping place where they were all expected to meet at the close of the day's work, and then he would give the command to start. The heavily laden bateaux would often be until midnight in reaching the camp. There they would find their leader fast asleep beside a comfortable fire. After hastily swallowing their scanty rations they were allowed a short time for rest and sleep. Long before dawn they were aroused by their

leader and started out on another day's journey. Their allowance of corn and fat was placed on the seat by their side and their breakfast was eaten while they rowed.

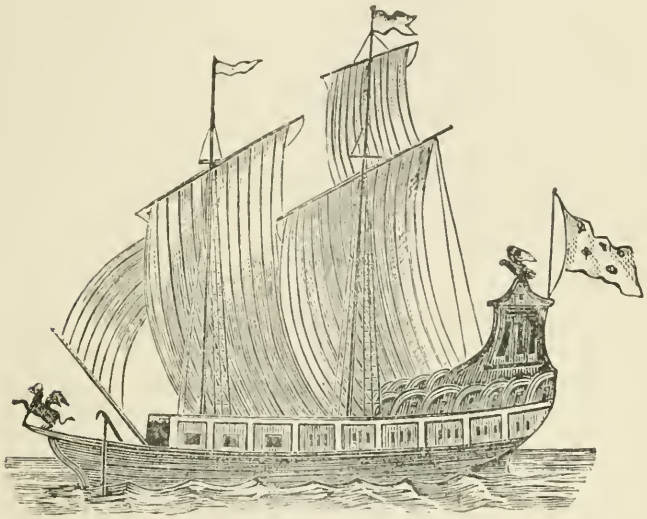
Their spirits rose as they neared their journey's end; they looked forward to this with much pleasure, as it would bring to them a well earned rest beside a scanty reward for their long days and nights of weary toil. As they glided along with the swift current their labor was lightened by their songs, which are still known as the Canadian boat songs. They rang out in a plaintive chorus over the water as they approached the post, the stroke of their paddles keeping time with the music.

And now the little trading post and mission house were for a time the scene of bustle and traffic, dissipation and enormous profits. The Indians, who had finished hunting at this season of the year, followed the traders, both to enjoy themselves along the Borderland and to share in the unusual feasting that prevailed on such occasions. After the long period of labor and hardships, the voyageurs were inclined to celebrate their freedom, and their hard earned dollars soon found their way into the post agent's barrel of silver, in exchange for the "English milk," as they called the imported rum.

LA SALLE AND THE GRIFFON
1679

Robert Cavalier, better known as La Salle, was the son of a wealthy merchant in France. He was a mere lad when he came to this new world to seek his fortune. Soon after his arrival, he began to study the Indian lan-

guage. In less than three years he could converse readily with most of the tribes. From them he heard wonderful tales of a vast country in the distant west. They told him of large bodies of fresh water, and of a mighty river which rose in the north and flowed southward.



THE GRIFFON

He became much interested in these reports, and at last decided to undertake a voyage of discovery, and learn from observation how much truth there was in what he had been told. With the consent of the Governor of New France, he began to make plans for his journey. He bought canoes and supplies and hired several men to accompany him. After many mishaps and long delays he reached Lake Erie, passed through the Detroit river and followed the unknown shores of Lake Huron into the

Straits of Mackinaw, passing Mackinaw Island and then on down the western shore of our State. Although this expedition resulted in the discovery of the Ohio river it did not satisfy his ambition.

As soon as possible he sailed to France to report his discoveries to the King. He gave such glowing accounts of the new world that he was given a commission to make discoveries, build forts, and engage in the trade in buffalo skins, all at his own expense. He had very little money but his wealthy relatives came to his aid, and he was given large sums to promote his work. In order to carry out his plans with safety and profit he decided that it would be necessary to build a boat much larger and stronger than the clumsy dugouts, and canoes that were made and used by the Indians. A boat suitable in size and construction for the accommodation of himself and his companions and also for the storing of the blankets, bales of cloth, knives and beads, and other trinkets that he would need for his traffic with the Indians. He also decided to build a fort at the mouth of the Niagara river, as this was the entrance to the four Great Lakes over which he expected to control the fur trade.

He engaged many men, sailors, carpenters, and laborers. He bought tools and materials for the construction of his boat and the necessary merchandise for trading with the Indians. But this enterprise proved an unfortunate one. The boat containing his supplies was wrecked in a storm and all his provisions and merchandise were lost. This was very discouraging, but as LaSalle had managed to save his tools and the materials for his boat, he would not give up his plans.

The spot chosen for the building of the boat, was on the high bank of the Niagara river, a few miles above the falls, where a fine large grove of oaks furnished the timber for its construction. Trees were felled, the place was cleared, and the master carpenter set the ship builders to work. Two Indian hunters who were friendly to the whites, built bark wigwams for the men. The wild savages loitered around the place, sullen and ugly. They were displeased with the work that was going on and were determined to stop it if possible. When they saw the ribs in place they threatened to burn the boat. But the men, although weak and hungry from the loss of their provisions, kept a constant watch night and day.

All through the long and dreary winter and far into the summer this little band of workmen chopped and hewed and sawed the great forest trees into shape. Their tools were rude, and at times their food was scanty, especially when they found themselves reduced to a diet of parched corn and water, which was often the case. Sometimes the surly Indians refused to sell them the corn to parch and then they were hungry in earnest, but when the two friendly Indian hunters came to their camp, they were sure of a feast of fish and game, with maple sugar and other wild luxuries.

At last LaSalle decided to go back to the Fort for more supplies and provisions. Two men accompanied him, and a dog drew his baggage on a sledge, through the deep snow in the forest, and over the ice covered lake. They had nothing but parched corn for food, and this gave out before they reached the Fort. During his absence the vessel was finished ready for launching. All

the material used in the construction of the boat, the spikes, and chains, and anchors, and even the little cannons were carried up the steep embankment from the level of the river. In shape and size, the little ship was somewhat like the one that brought Columbus and his party of discoverers to this continent nearly two hundred years before. There was a high stern and a higher bow on which was perched the figure head which gave the boat its name. This figure head, the work of a French wood carver, was the image of a griffon, a hideous monster with the head and wings of an eagle and the body of a lion. It had huge bulging eyes which stared straight ahead.

When everything was ready for the launching, the props were removed and amid the chanting of solemn music by the Jesuit missionaries, the firing of the cannon, and the glad shouts of the voyagers, the Griffon sailed down the sloping ways into the water. She was towed out into the stream by the canoes, and anchored. They boarded her, swung their hammocks and slept in peace, safe at last from the firebrand of the savage, and beyond the reach of the flying tomahawk. The Indians gazed at this monstrous canoe in speechless wonder. They were amazed and terrified at the flash and roar of the cannon from her deck, and at the horrible figure upon her bow.

After a few trial trips along the shore, LaSalle mounted the high stern as commander, and gave the order to start. The great square sails were unfurled, the anchor hoisted amid the jolly "heave-yo" of the sailors, and they began their eventful voyage over the unknown waters. As they drew near the mouth of the Detroit

river, they were charmed with the beautiful islands that guard its entrance. Father Hennepin, one of the missionaries who accompanied LaSalle, has told us something about them in his journal. He says:—

"The islands are the finest in the world. They are covered with forests of nut and fruit trees, and with wild vines loaded with grapes. From these we made a large quantity of wine. The banks of the Strait (Detroit River), are vast meadows, and the prospect is terminated with some hills covered with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit, and groves and forests so well arranged that one would think that Nature alone could not have laid out the grounds so effectively without the help of man, so charming was the prospect.

"The country is well stocked with stags, wild goats, and bears, all of which furnish excellent food, and they are not at all fierce as in other countries. There are herds of buffaloes that trample down the flowers and grass as they rush around in their clumsy motion. There are great numbers of moose and elk, which in the size of their horns almost rival the branches of the great trees. Turkey cocks and swans are very common and pigeons sweep along like clouds overhead.

"The groves and forests are chiefly made up of walnut, chestnut, plum, and cherry trees, all loaded with vines and their own fruit."

The Griffon sailed up the Detroit river, and past the site of Michigan's present metropolis. Here they found the little Indian village, called Teuscha Grondie, which stood between the black forest and the river's sandy beach. The firing of a salute from the canon fright-

ened the poor Indians, and caused them to flee from their homes, and seek refuge in the forest.

At last the little ship reached Swan Island, which was the Indian name for Belle Isle, and passed out into the cup-shaped lake, which the Indians called Otsi-Keta. It was their custom to give a name to each one of their discoveries, as they advanced. This day chanced to be the feast day of one of their patron saints, Ste Claire. When they were well out in the middle of the lake, they broke a bottle of the native wine over the Griffon's head, and christened the body of water, Lac Ste Claire.

We can imagine their emotions of surprise and uncertainty as they glided over the strange waters, tacking back and forth, to catch the full force of the shifting breeze. Away in the distance on either side, low misty lines stretched along the horizon. When they reached the region of the watery meadows which we know as the St. Claire Flats the tall rushes brushed the sides of the new comer, and bowed and nodded a friendly welcome. The waterfowl arose from their haunts in such numbers that they darkened the sun. They squawked and screeched with fear and anger as this huge monster with outspread wings passed by them. Never before had they been disturbed in their peaceful possession of this water prairie. Although this region was the favorite hunting ground of the Indian brave the dip of his paddle was so light and the flight of his arrow so silent and swift as he went in and out among the rushes in his slender birch bark canoe that they were not disturbed and scarcely noticed him.

Leaving this wilderness of green behind them, they

found a passage between some of the beautiful islands that divide the water and form the delta of the river. From many a shady nook along the shores fierce, flashing eyes peered out and strong copper-colored fingers held the bow strings taut and the arrows ready for use. But the thought that this terrible monster might prove to be some powerful Manitou restrained them and the boat passed on unmolested. And now they met the current of another river which the natives called the Otsi-Sippi, but which we know as the St. Clair. As they advanced the banks grew higher. Tiny wreaths of smoke floated from the topmost points of the skin and bark covered wigwams, where the Indian villages nestled among the oak openings. Fields of Indian corn waved their long silken tassels in the breeze. Clumsy bison and huge black bear wallowed in the muck where the inland streams entered the river and timid deer scampered down their runways.

The current grew stronger as they neared the head of the river, and the foaming water as it came pouring out of the mouth of the Great Lake, checked their speed. Every thread of canvas in each of the little queer-shaped sails was spread and all the nautical skill possessed by the amateur crew was necessary to guide the awkward craft up the incline. Fortunately a friendly breeze from the south came to their relief, and amid the creaking of ropes, the rattling of chains, and the "heave yos" of the boatmen, they passed out into the blue Gitchee Gumee in safety.

They were overtaken by a terrific storm at the mouth of Saginaw bay, and nearly wrecked, but after the wind

ceased to blow they went on without further mishap until they reached the Straits of Mackinaw. Here they found a great multitude of Indians awaiting them. From here LaSalle went to Green Bay, where the trade was so brisk that in a very short time all his goods, blankets, cloth and trinkets, were exchanged for valuable furs. These were packed away in the boat and she started on the return trip for a fresh supply of goods.

LaSalle and the missionaries remained at Mackinaw awaiting her return. But they waited in vain. Her fate has always been an unsolved mystery. From the time that she passed out of their sight with her brave crew, and her cargo of furs, she has never been seen. Whether she was captured by the Indians and burned or was wrecked in a storm will never be known. Thus ends the story of the Griffon, the first sail vessel that passed over the waters of the Great Lakes, more than two hundred years ago.

THE MANITOU OF BELLE ISLE

History has preserved to us the names of the first two white men who visited the spot where now stands the city of Detroit. They were two French missionaries, M. Dollier and M. Galinee. It was in the spring of 1670 that they reached this place. They were enchanted with the beautiful scenery. In all their journeys they had seen nothing that was so pleasing. The tall forest trees were robed in the varied shades of green. The air was filled with the perfume of flowers and the music of birds. Thousands of fish could be seen in the clear waters of the

river, while along the banks were herds of buffalo and droves of deer gazing curiously at the strangers.

They wandered around for some time, until they came to an open space, in the center of which was a large grassy mound. In the center of this was a large gray stone in shape somewhat like the human form. To make the likeness more complete the Indians had daubed it with colored clays. Scattered around it on the ground were their offerings of tobacco, maple sugar, and all sorts of cooked food.

This was the Great Manitou, of whom their guides had told them. He was held in great veneration and awe by the superstitious Indians. They believed it was his voice they heard when the wild winds swept over the waters. That he held the wind in his strong hands and caused it to blow or not to blow as he saw fit. When about to start on a long journey they brought their offerings, and appealed to him for protection before they launched their canoes.

The missionaries were very indignant when they saw this idol and no doubt imagined they were doing good work when they seized an ax and broke it into a thousand pieces. In its place they planted a tall wooden cross, placing at its foot the coat of arms of France and an inscription giving their names and the object of their mission. They then fastened two of their canoes together, and taking the largest pieces of the broken idol, they carried them out and sank them in the deepest part of the river, opposite Belle Isle.

An Indian legend tells us that after the missionaries had departed, and were a long distance on their journey,

a party of Indians came to place their offerings at the feet of the idol. But when they reached the grassy mound they found only a few pieces of stone scattered around on the ground. Each one took a fragment of the idol and placed it in his canoe, while a deep clear voice floated over the water and guided them to the spot where the spirit of the Manitou had taken refuge under the long shadow of Belle Isle. The voice told them to bring every fragment of the broken image, and to strew them all along the banks of the island which would forever after be his home.

As soon as they had obeyed his order each stone was changed into a rattle snake, and placed as a sentinel to guard the Manitou's retreat from the profane foot of the white man.

MICH-ILI-MACK-INAC

The most northern point of the southern Peninsula of Michigan, and the island near it, were given their names by the Red men long before the white man knew anything about the place. The name is from the Indian word, Mishi-maikin-nac, which means a swimming tortoise, or turtle. Both the Island and the elevated point of the main land, when seen from a distance on the water, resemble a turtle in outline. The Indians also called this region "Pe-quod-e-non-ge," which means the home of the fishes.

There are many interesting legends connected with this locality. The Red men believed that it was the home of Gitchi-Manitou, the Great Spirit, and all the other

manitous that controlled the waters of the Great Lakes and the storms that swept over them. The Indian Hiawatha, whose real name was Mena-Bosho, was born on Mackinaw Island. It was here that he saw a spider weaving a web to catch flies, and from this he gained the idea of weaving nets to catch fish.

Mackinaw and its vicinity is perhaps the oldest permanent settlement along the Borderland. More than one hundred and fifty years before Detroit was founded there were missionaries and fur traders in this region. It was the principal point for the arrival and departure of all who were engaged in the fur trade. Most of the permanent inhabitants were either canoe men, or hunters and trappers. It was from here that they all started for their different destinations, some on foot through the trackless inland forests, and some in canoes which would carry them to the distant border posts. And it was to this place that they returned after an absence of a year or more, bringing their collections of furs and skins. After these were sorted and cured they were taken to Montreal by the voyageurs in their bateaux.

Later the trade became of so much more importance that a trading post was established here and the furs were exchanged for cloths, trinkets and general supplies, which included large quantities of rum. Within a few years after this soldiers were sent to protect the inhabitants from the attacks of the Indians and then Mackinaw became a military trading post with the mission house attached. It stood near the water, and was enclosed by a high, strong palisade, made of broad oak pickets, pointed at both ends, and driven firmly into the

ground. Within this enclosure were the log cabin homes of the residents, the barracks for the soldiers, and the store houses, where the furs were exchanged for the traders' supplies. These buildings all faced a small square in the center.

The business flourished, and the population increased, until Mackinaw became the most important of all the trading posts and missions in the North West. At certain times six or seven thousand Indians would be camped around the Fort. Besides these there were the inhabitants of the village, which contained about sixty houses, the two hundred soldiers in the Fort, the priests at the mission house, the fur traders, and the voyageurs and coureurs-du-bois. The place as a military post, was first occupied by the French, then by the English, and lastly by the Americans.

The Island has many remarkable rock formations. The celebrated Arch Rock stands at the water's edge, one hundred and forty feet high, and appears as if hanging in the air. From its peculiar shape it has been called the Natural Bridge of Mackinaw. Another curious rock is the Sugar Loaf, which is conical in shape and nearly one hundred and fifty feet high.

The Indians believed that this Island was the favorite resting place of Mich-a-bow, the Manitou of all the waters, and that when he came over the water from the sunrise in the east, he stopped at the foot of Arch Rock, which they called the Manitou's landing place. They believed that the great arch was his gateway and that he passed through this and ascended the hill to Sugar Loaf.

which was his lodge, the cave on the west side of the Island being his doorway.

In the early days there was no way of traveling, on the Island excepting on foot in the summer, or on snow shoes or sledges drawn by dogs, in winter. For this reason there were only Indian trails and foot paths, as there was no necessity for roads or streets.

The few houses of the village were built of logs and roofed with bark. They were all whitewashed, which gave the place a very neat appearance. Each house had a garden which was enclosed with cedar pickets.

The summers were short but warm and pleasant, while the winters were long, cold, and stormy. The older people had few amusements at this time but the children had great sport in coasting down the steep hills on their bark toboggans and in making play houses under the deep snow drifts.

THE ISLAND FAIRIES

Once there was an Indian who had ten beautiful daughters. The youngest and most beautiful of all was Oweena, a shy little maiden who loved to roam among the trees, and visit the fur and feather-lined homes of the timid forest creatures, that were hidden among the green leaves and in the hollow tree trunks.

One after another her older sisters were married and went to live in the lodges of their husbands, until at last she was left all alone to live with her father and mother. But after one year had passed she was married too.

Her husband was an old man whose name was Osseo.

His back was crooked, his face wrinkled, he was lame, and besides all this he was very poor. But when her sisters made sport of him, she smiled sweetly, and said to them:—

"Do not laugh at him. Sometime you will know why I chose him, rather than a younger and stronger person."

Soon after she was married all the sisters and their husbands, and parents were invited to a feast. As they walked along together they felt very sorry for the beautiful young sister when they saw her leading her lame husband where the path was the smoothest and helping him over the fallen trees and the narrow brooks. His eyes were turned toward the sky as he stumbled along, and he talked to himself.

"Poor old man," said one of the sisters. "What a pity he does not fall and break his neck."

Just at this moment they came to a large hollow log lying on the ground with one end turned toward the path. The old man stopped, and gave a loud cry, and then rushed into one end of the log, and the next instant he came out of the other, a tall, straight young man, as nimble and as spry as a deer.

But upon turning around to look at his young wife, behold she had been changed into an old woman bent almost double, walking with a cane The young husband took her by the hand, and led her carefully along, at the same time calling her by a pet name, "Ne-ne-moosh-ah," which means, my sweetheart.

All were happy at the feast excepting Osseo, who felt very sad when he looked at his wife. He raised his eyes toward the sky, and whispered softly, and soon voices

were heard, which gradually sounded nearer, and nearer. To the feasters it was beautiful music or the singing of birds.

Soon the lodge began to sway, and shake from side to side, and then they felt it rising in the air. It was too late to run out, as they were already as high as the tree tops before they realized what had happened. As they arose into the bright sunlight, the wooden bowls and spoons from which they had been eating, were changed into beautiful shells of a scarlet color, the lodge poles were wires of glittering silver, and the bark covering was changed to the gorgeous wings of butterflies and humming birds. And then all the sisters and brothers and fathers and mothers became birds of various kinds. There were jays and woodpeckers, and partridges and pigeons, and robins and larks, and other gay singing birds, and they all hopped around, pluming their shining feathers and pecking at each other.

But poor Oweena still remained an old woman, walking with a cane. Osseo felt sorry for her. He stroked her hand and whispered "Ne-ne-moosh-ah," and then he again cast his eyes upward, and gave the same peculiar cry that he did when he dove into the hollow log.

In an instant his wife became young and beautiful again. Her ragged gown was changed to a robe of shining gauze, and her cane became a long silver feather. The lodge again shook and swayed, and then settled down on the Evening Star, which was the home of Osseo's parents. When Osseo and Oweena stepped out of the lodge they were met by the aged father.

"My son," said he, "hang that cage of birds in you-

der tree, and then come to the lodge of your father."

Osseo took the cage with its silver poles and gorgeous covering and hung it in the tree and then with his wife he entered the lodge of his father. And here they lived, happy and contented, for a long time. Their little son grew to be a famous hunter. His father made bows and arrows for him and then let the birds out of the cage, one by one, that he might practice shooting at them. One day when he went to pick up a bird that he had shot, he found a young woman with an arrow piercing her heart.

He had shot one of his aunts, and her blood was spattered over the spotless star. The charm was broken and the next moment the boy was sinking slowly toward the earth. Behind him followed a long procession of uncles and aunts, and other relatives, and behind them all was the silver bird cage, with its gorgeous covering of butterflies' and humming birds' wings. His father and mother were alone in the cage.

Down, down, they all sank, until their feet rested on the highest cliffs of the rocky island of Mich-ili-mack-i-nac. Although they were all changed back to their natural shapes they were but little creatures, the size of fairies. And thus they have remained until this day.

And ever since their visit to the Evening Star, when the nights are clear and still they join hands and circle around, and dance merrily on the top of the rocks.

The little Indian children of long ago watched for them when the moon was full and the sky was cloudless. They often saw the shining lodge on the highest pinnacles of the rocks and watched the little folk circling

about the cliffs, and those who ventured near enough often heard the happy voices of the little dancers.

CADILLAC AND HIS VILLAGE

There is no more historic spot in all this country than the city of Detroit. Before New York, New Orleans, Boston, or Philadelphia were settled, the missionaries at Quebec and Montreal had heard of this beautiful region. When it was first visited by the French in 1610, it was occupied by the Indian village, Teuscha Grondie. This village soon became the resort of the Jesuit missionaries, and fur traders, and also of bold adventurers and explorers.

Some of them had come from Quebec by way of the Ottawa river and Georgian Bay to Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinaw, and then down the eastern shore of Lake Huron, while others came from the opposite direction, across Lakes Ontario and Erie to the mouth of the Detroit river.

This river at that time was a favorite hunting and fishing resort for the Indians. Their lodges were scattered along the shore and their villages nestled in the most sheltered spots, where the smoke from their camp fires arose above the tree tops.

Charlevoix says of these Indian villages:—"A mass of cabins, some like sheds, some like tunnels, built of bark, propped up by a few stones. Sometimes covered on the outside with mud, daubed on pretty thick, constructed with less art, skill, and solidity, than those of the beaver. These cabins are from fifteen to twenty feet

long, and sometimes one hundred feet wide, with a fire on the ground, every thirty feet. When the floor is not large enough to furnish lodgings for all, the young men and boys sleep on a sort of stage, raised five or six feet from the ground, the whole length of the cabin. There are no windows or chimneys. A hole is left in the roof for the smoke to escape. All the Indian villages were like this."

The site of Detroit has had many names. The Ottawa Indians called it Wa-we-a-tun-ong, which means "where the river bends." The Hurons called it Ka-ron-ta-en, which means "the coast of the straits," and the Wyandots called it Teuscha Grondie. Its first name after settlement by the whites was Fort Ponchartrain, in honor of the French count and commandant of that name. Then the early French residents gave it another name, which in a modified form has remained until the present time. They called it "La Ville Detroit," the city of the strait, to distinguish it from other points on the straits that connected Lakes Erie and St. Clair. This name was applied to the settlements on both the north and south banks of the river.

About twenty years after LaSalle and the Griffon passed over the waters that outline the Border Land, another important expedition came to this region from the opposite direction. Cadillac had been commandant at Mackinaw for four years. He was not at all satisfied with the conditions at that place. The winters were long and cold and dreary, and the summers were so short that very little grain or food of any kind could be raised. In his reports to his superiors, he said:—"It is a terrible

place to live in. There is neither bread nor meat, such as I have been accustomed to eat. And no other food to be had excepting fish and wild game, and Indian corn."

This dissatisfaction led him to look about for a more suitable location for the colony which he expected to found. One where the climate should be milder and food more plentiful, and where he could better secure the monopoly of the fur trade with the Indians.

Having obtained permission from the government to found this colony at whatever place he considered most suitable, he began to make his plans. He left Montreal in the spring of 1701 by way of the Ottawa river route with one hundred followers consisting of fifty soldiers and fifty French colonists. The journey was long and tedious, extending over six hundred miles, with many portages, across which they were obliged to carry their canoes, provisions, guns and ammunition.

Slowly the little fleet of canoes and bateaux made their way along the coast of lake and river, propelled by the paddles of the hardy voyageurs, camping at night amid unknown dangers from brute and human foe. They followed the indented shore of "La Mer Douce" as they called Lake Huron, gliding from its mouth down the rapids at the head of the Otsi-Sippi, the Indian name for the river St. Clair, and on past the islands of its delta, into the watery meadows of the St. Clair Flats. And then over the surface of the cup-shaped lake which the Indians called Otsi-Keta, and along the wooded Grosse Pointe shore until they reached their destination.

The task of choosing a proper site for the colony was not an easy one. It must have a high elevation to be

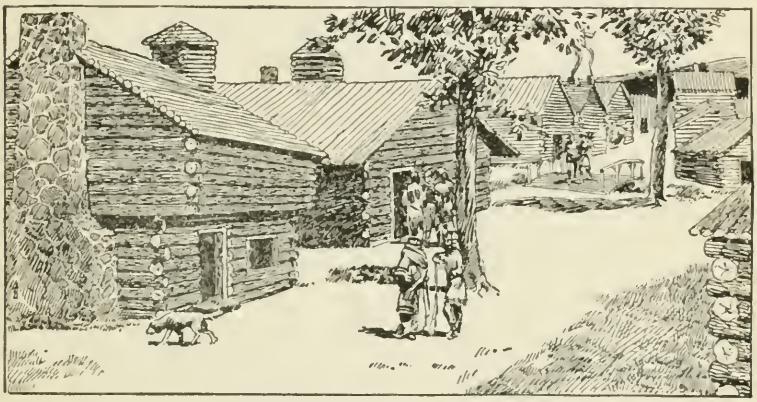
healthful. It must have a suitable outlook in order to command a full view of the river, to guard against the secret approach of enemies. It must be an attractive place for the Indians, as it was the intention to invite them to settle there. The site of the present city of Detroit satisfied all these requirements and was selected as the most suitable locality for Cadillac's village.

It was on the twenty-fourth of July, seventeen hundred and one, that Cadillac with his party of one hundred men landed at this place. A strong palisade of oak pickets about twelve feet high was built around a square of two hundred feet. Within this enclosure they built a few rude huts.

To the Indians, the coming of Cadillac was a disturbing element in their simple life. This spot had been a favorite haunt of the red men for generations; a spot which had been held sacred as a gathering place of the many tribes of the Borderland, where their councils and war dances and great feasts were held. For this reason it was not surprising that the advent of these white men was not altogether pleasing to the owners of the country. But the new comers were very kind to them and paid them well for their land and they soon became fast friends of Cadillac and his followers. They flocked around him from all quarters, building their lodges above and below the Fort. Cadillac was just in all his dealings with them. While he encouraged them in industrious habits, his missionaries labored faithfully for the conversion of their souls.

The village grew as if by magic. The streets all bore the name of some saint. There was St. Peter, St. An-

thony, St. Joseph, St. James, St. John, and St. Louis. A rude chapel was built which was called St. Anne. Cadillac's house is supposed to have stood on what is now the north side of Jefferson Avenue, between Griswold and Shelby streets. This was then St. Anne street, where all the aristocracy lived, with Cadillac as their leader.



A STREET IN CADILLAC'S VILLAGE

The houses of these early Detroiters were very simple in their construction. In order to provide themselves with some sort of shelter they were forced to build them so hurriedly that they had no time to cut and hew the logs. At first even the houses of the aristocracy consisted of stakes driven into the ground, the crevices filled with mud. The steep roofs were made of split logs and thatched with grass. They had no windows, as glass, being very expensive, was used only for the church.

Taxes were unknown in the village. The only public expense was the maintenance of the church. To pro-

vide for this, each trader who visited Detroit on business but did not reside there was assessed a certain amount for each visit. There was no law, therefore there were no courts. Cadillac was the ruler of the village. His word was law and was sufficient to settle any difficulties or disputes that might arise. He was an autocrat, proud and pompous. He was always clothed in military garments, with his sword at his side ringing and clanging as it dragged on the ground. In his walks through the streets, all hats were raised at his approach. He felt the importance of his position, and was arrogant and overbearing. He considered no one his equal save the village priest.

For some time after the first Detroiters arrived at their new home they were busily engaged in building their houses to protect them from the cold and rain and the palisades to protect them from the Indians. At first there were no women or children in the place. The men huddled together in the little houses and cooked their own food and cared for their own clothing as well as possible under such conditions. One year later the wives and mothers, and sons and daughters, began to arrive from Montreal and Quebec, and then each family had its own house and they began to live more comfortably.

The colonists had arrived too late in the season to raise any crops the first year, but as Cadillac had brought a large quantity of seed wheat, they began to prepare the soil for planting it. It was called French winter wheat. It was sown in the fall, and gave them a fine crop the following summer.

Wild fruit and berries, and nuts, grew all around

them in great abundance. They gathered quantities of these and dried them for the coming winter. Game of all kinds roamed in the forest, and fish were in front of their doors. The Indians furnished them with corn and maple sugar, and the first winter passed in comparative comfort.

Early in the spring Cadillac set his men at work to prepare the ground for the different kinds of seeds he had brought with him. Each soldier, and colonist had a small garden of his own, while large tracts of land were planted with corn and other crops, for general use among the inhabitants. Grapes grew in great abundance, and a piece of land was set apart for their cultivation. It required much hard labor to accomplish all this, as they had no oxen or horses to draw the heavy loads or to plough the ground.

The Indians built their villages near the Fort. On the west were the Hurons, with their large cornfields, where they raised corn for themselves and also for the traders and the voyageurs. A short distance above the fort was a tribe of Loups, or Wolves, who were only allowed to occupy the spot until it was needed by the colonists. Two miles further up the river, Cadillac located four tribes of Ottawas, who were ruled by the great chief Pontiac. The Miamis also came, and asked for land on which to build their village and plant their corn, and it was given to them. The war-loving Iroquois had made a temporary truce with the French and the friendly Indians, so that they visited the village in great numbers, but did not build their lodges, or remain there as the other tribes did.

For some time everything prospered and Cadillac was very proud of his village. Its fame extended to the far Eastern settlements and so many people came there to live that there was no room for them. This led Cadillac to enlarge the enclosure, build new palisades and more houses for the new comers. Lots were free to all who would build within the enclosure, gardens were platted outside the Fort for those who would cultivate them and farms were staked out for those who were willing to work them.

Cadillac would have no idlers in his village. Every man was expected to perform his share of the work. There were farmers, mechanics, and soldiers, and every man was a hunter. When the hunting season arrived they all left their homes for the hunting grounds, excepting a sufficient number to guard the Fort.

Five years after the village was founded, Cadillac brought three horses and some cattle to the place. Two of the horses died and for a long time the only horse in Detroit was a little French pony named Colin.

The inhabitants of the village were not all on a social level. Cadillac, the military officers, and the priests ranked highest. Next in the social standing were the merchants, who kept the stores of useful merchandise which they sold to the whites. The traders came next, and lowest of all were the men who tilled the soil, and performed the drudgery for the inhabitants.

Cadillac and his officers wore blue coats faced with white and trimmed with gold lace, with fine swords hanging at their sides. The priests wore long black robes fastened at the waist with a cord from which hung a silver

cross on a silver chain. The peasant, or farmer wore a coarse blue surtout, belted at the waist with a red woolen sash and a red woolen cap on his head with a scalping knife stuck in the band. The fur trader wore fur pantaloons, fringed at the sides, a blouse flannel shirt, and a fur cap decorated with feathers.

THE FIRST STE. ANNE'S CHURCH IN DETROIT

The women of Cadillac's village made all the cloth, both linen and woolen, which they used for their own clothing, as well as for their families. They worked all the week, and on Sundays attended religious services in the little chapel of Ste. Anne. Although their homes were so rude, and their pleasures so few, they were all quite

happy and contented. During the summer they were very busy, but when winter came they had more leisure.

They were fond of dancing and card playing. From the beginning of winter until the river was free from ice there was dancing and card parties, and feasting and frolicking, nearly every night in the week. The musical instruments that furnished the music for dancing were jewsharps and tin trumpets.

As there were no horses there could be no sleigh-ride parties, but there was coasting on the hill side that sloped to the river, and there was skating and sliding on the smooth ice. And when there was nothing better to do they would gather around the great open fire in the Indian Council Lodge and listen to the stories, and legends, and fairy tales, which the story tellers of the tribe told them through the half-breed village interpreters.

ROGER'S RANGERS
1760

Although Quebec had fallen and the English had conquered the French the Lily of France still floated over many of the Borderland posts. It therefore became necessary for the conquerers to invade and take possession of these places. This dangerous task was assigned to Major Robert Rogers. He received orders to ascend the lakes and take possession of Detroit and Mackinaw. He was in command of a body who were well fitted for the work. Their adventures, and battles with the Indians had made them famous throughout America. They were called Roger's Rangers, and had seen much active service in Indian warfare. He left Montreal, with two

hundred men in fifteen whale boats. They followed the northern shore of Lake Ontario amid rough and boisterous weather, until they reached Niagara Falls. Carrying their boats with them over the portage, they slowly pursued their voyage. It was late in the year. The winds blew cold and the waves ran high, the leaves were falling from the forest trees.

They knew nothing about the country they were entering. No British troops had ventured so far west before. The storm became a gale and the waves tossed their boats about until they became almost unmanageable. At last, amid a pouring rain, they decided to go into camp until the weather had improved.

Soon after they were settled they were visited by a party of warriors and Indian chiefs who said they had been sent by the great chief, Pontiac, who was the owner and ruler of all that country. Major Rogers and his party were ordered to proceed no farther until they consulted the great chief himself. The Indians said that they would see him very soon, as he was on his way to visit them.

Before the day closed Pontiac made his appearance. He greeted Major Rogers in a very haughty manner and asked him what business he had in that country and how he dared enter it without asking permission. Major Rogers explained that the French had surrendered all their possessions to the English. This included not only Canada, but all the region along the Borderland. He told the haughty chief that he was on his way to take possession of Detroit, which would bring peace and prosperity to the Indians as well as the whites.

Pontiac listened with the greatest attention, but made no reply, excepting that he should stand in their way until morning. He then returned to his own camp. The English suspected treachery, and stood guard all night. But they were not molested. He came again next morning and announced his desire to live in peace with the English. He also gave them permission to remain in his country so long as they treated him with due respect. The calumet was then smoked by both parties and Major Rogers was allowed to proceed on his way. Until this time Pontiac had been the firm friend of the French. But he was shrewd and calculating and when he learned that they had been conquered his allegiance was transferred to the conquerors.

When the Rangers were nearing Detroit, a message was sent to the commander of the Fort, announcing that the French had surrendered to the English, and that a company of men were advancing to relieve him from further duty. The French commander was very angry when he received this message. He was at first determined to hold the Fort against the invaders. He tried to arouse the Indians, but the influence of Pontiac kept them quiet. They refused to come to his assistance.

The whale boats moved slowly along against the heavy currents of the Detroit river. On the right bank could be seen the village of the Wyandots, and on the left the clustered lodges of the Pottawatamies. In the distance the flag of France was flying for the last time above the bark roofs and weather-stained palisades of the little town.

The Rangers landed on the Canadian side of the river

and pitched their tents on the green turf of a meadow. Major Rogers, accompanied by a small party of officers and men, went across the river to take possession of the Fort. When the commandant saw the superior force that Major Rogers controlled he felt that resistance was useless, and the garrison marched out and laid down their arms without protest. The French flag was lowered and the English flag arose in its place. The Indian warriors, who had so recently been the active allies of the French, greeted the sight with triumphant yells. The common soldiers were held as prisoners and were sent to Montreal. But the inhabitants were allowed to keep their farms and houses on condition that they become British subjects.

During all these proceedings the Indians looked on with amazement. They could not understand why so many men should surrender so peaceably to so few. They were overwhelmed at the power displayed by the English and could not understand why the conquerors did not kill and scalp their prisoners on the spot.

PONTIAC'S CONSPIRACY
1763

The Borderland Indians were friendly toward the whites while the French were in possession. But they soon had cause to regret their change of masters. The French had been generous and honorable in all their business transactions. They had supplied the Indians with guns and ammunition and had provided them with clothing and other civilized luxuries, so that they had al-

most discarded the garments and weapons of their forefathers and depended entirely upon the whites for their support. But when the country passed into the hands of the English everything was changed. The supplies which the Indians looked upon as partial payment for the lands that had been taken from them were witheld entirely or distributed so sparingly that they were of little benefit. And to make matters worse the agents and officers of the government often kept the goods themselves and then sold them to the Indians at a high price.

This sudden change was a sad thing for the Indians and they soon grew discontented. Under the French management they were received with much kindness and respect when they visited the Fort. But the English met them with sour looks and threats, and sometimes with kicks and cuffs. Besides all these insults and cruelties, the Indians began to realize fully that the settlers were gradually appropriating their best hunting grounds for homes and they became aroused to a state of rebellion.

This was very satisfactory to the French. They saw an opportunity to revenge themselves upon their conquerors. They used every effort to arouse the Indians. They told them falsehoods, made them wonderful promises, and offered to join them in an uprising. They repeatedly urged them to take up arms against the English, and further encouraged them by distributing arms and ammunition, and clothing and provisions. All of these influences had such an effect upon the Indians, whose minds were already inflamed with a sense of their wrongs, that they could no longer remain quiet.

Although Pontiac was chief of but one tribe, a great

many other tribes yielded to his authority. He was shrewd enough to forsee the fate of the Indians if the English were allowed to remain, and he resolved to drive them from the country before they got a firmer foothold. He sent messengers to all the tribes in the Borderland region, as well as those in the far Northwest, summoning them to a great council. This council was to be held on the banks of the river Ecorces, a few miles below Detroit. Very soon the savage tribes responded to the call of their leader. They gathered on the banks of the river and took their seats in a circle on the grass. For a long time they sat in silence, while the council pipe was passed from hand to hand, each one taking a puff, until the circle was complete.

At last Pontiac appeared on the edge of the forest and strode haughtily into their midst, all plumed and painted for war. He cast a fierce glance around upon the waiting crowd before he spoke. He then began to denounce the English and called upon the chiefs to arise and defend their rights to the country. He told them of a dream, in which the Great Spirit had sent a message to them by him, in which they were commanded to rise in a body and drive the red coated English dogs from every post in the country. He told them they must cast aside the weapons, the clothing and the rum of the white man. The credulous Indians listened to the message as if it were really a voice from on high. They arose and left the council, prepared to obey the command of their chief. It was at this council meeting that Pontiac first disclosed his plans for the destruction of the garrison at Detroit. An early writer tells us that while he talked

about it he grew so excited that at times his voice rang out like a bugle.

Detroit was the most important of the Borderland posts, and Pontiac selected this as his own particular field of action, leaving the other tribes to deal with Mackinaw and the smaller places. He proposed to visit the Fort with a pretense of peace and massacre the whole garrison. The Indians agreed to this and were anxious to begin the attack immediately.

At this time Detroit was but a small village. The Fort with its little garrison of one hundred and twenty men, under command of Captain Donald Campbell, formed the central figure. The beautiful river, only half a mile wide at this point, flowed in front, almost washing the foundations. Above and below, as far as the eye could see, on both banks of the river, were the little white farm houses, surrounded by green orchards. Back of them, were the rich pasture lands where fed the cows and sheep and shaggy ponies. Within sight of the Fort were the Indian villages, where the Indian warriors feasted and plotted mischief. Here the Indian maiden beaded her buckskin leggins and moccasins and plaited her long, black hair. Troops of naked children wrangled and played their simple games on the matted turf and wrinkled old squaws gathered wood and poked the camp fires under the kettles of boiling sagamite.

About this time Sir William Johnson appeared in Detroit with instructions from the English government to make a treaty of peace with the Indians, if possible. Major Gladwin also arrived at the same time with a company of soldiers. He had been sent to take command of

the Fort, and relieve Captain Campbell, who, for some reason, was placed second in command. The new commander knew nothing of the discontented feeling among the Indians, and when the subject was first mentioned to him he laughed at the soldiers fears. He said that for two years there had been no trouble among the Indians and there was no reason to fear any at that time.

Soon after this a Canadian woman, who had visited the Ottawa village to buy some venison and maple sugar, reported that when she was passing among the wigwams she saw the Indians filing off the ends of their gun barrels. When the village blacksmith heard this, he said that for several days the Indians had been borrowing files and saws from him. A few days later, Major Gladwin received a secret message informing him that the garrison would be attacked by Pontiac the next day. But the day passed and nothing happened.

Among the Ojibwas was a young Indian girl who was noted for her skill in making and ornamenting moccasins. Major Gladwin had engaged her to make a pair for him from the skin of an elk which he had shot. He wished to present them to a friend. He was very much pleased with the moccasins when she brought them to him, and he ordered her to take the remainder of the skin home and make another pair for himself. Then he paid her for the work and dismissed her, but she did not leave the Fort. She loitered near the door as if there was something more she wished to say. A sentinel noticed the sad, distressed look on her face, and after watching her for some time, he reported the matter to Major Gladwin. As soon as the officer caught the ex-

pression of her eyes, which were sad and downcast, he knew that she wished to tell him some important secret. But when he questioned her, she only shook her head and made no reply.

UNVEILING THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

After hesitating awhile, she told him he had been so good to her, and valued the elk skin so highly, that she did not wish to take it away, as she would not be able to bring it back. Major Gladwin's curiosity was excited, and he insisted that she tell him her secret. At last, when he promised that no harm should come to her, she told him of Pontiac's plan to destroy the garrison and massacre all the inhabitants. She said that the Indians

had sawed off their gun barrels so that they could conceal them under their blankets, and that Pontiac and his chiefs would soon visit the Fort to hold council. He would make a speech, and, when he had finished, he would present a wampum peace belt to Major Gladwin. When he reversed the belt in his hand it would be the signal for a general massacre. Major Gladwin thanked the girl and told her to go back to the Indian village, and be careful that she said or did nothing to arouse suspicion.

The next morning it rained and the Indians did not appear. The garrison, however, was kept under arms to prevent a surprise. Towards evening the clouds rolled away and the sun set in a blaze of glory, lighting up the colors of the English flag that floated over the Fort. Twilight was soon lost in the shadows of the night and darkness settled on forest and stream. Major Gladwin walked the ramparts all night, thoughtful and watchful. He was now satisfied that Pontiac meant war and he realized that he was not prepared for it. He was in the heart of the wilderness, the Fort was weak, and he had but one hundred and twenty men to defend it. The night passed without any disturbance. Now and then they heard the rumble of the Indian drums from the Ottawa village, and the whoops and yells of the Indian warriors, as they danced around the camp fires that reddened the sky.

With the coming of dawn, all was bustle and confusion within the Fort. Although the sun rose bright and clear, a heavy mist hung over the river, completely hiding it from their view. But later a strong breeze swept over the water and the mist began to rise like

clouds and slowly floated away. Then a strange sight met their gaze. The water was covered with bark canoes, which were moving slowly across the river. Only two or three warriors appeared in each canoe. The others were lying stretched out in the bottom to avoid being seen by the garrison. There was a large common behind the Fort which was soon crowded with the warriors and the squaws and children from the Indian village. Some were dressed in fantastic costumes or gaudily painted, and all were preparing for a game of ball.

Pontiac slowly approached the Fort with sixty chiefs behind him, all marching one behind the other in Indian file. Each was wrapped to the chin in his woolen blanket which concealed his shortened rifle. Some wore the plumes of the hawk, the eagle, or the raven in their hair. Others wore only the scalp lock, while a few wore their hair naturally, the long, black locks half concealing their painted faces. As Pontiac passed through the gate of the Fort, he uttered a low grunt of surprise. Instead of finding the garrison unguarded, as he had expected, he was obliged to march between two lines of glittering steel. He cast a malignant glance at the armed soldiers, as he passed by them. The houses of the traders and employes of the Fort were all closed and the occupants were standing guard at the corners of the streets, all armed to the teeth.

The great chief strode haughtily through the principal street of the place, followed by his warriors. They were conducted to the council chamber where Major Gladwin and his principal officers were waiting to receive them. The troops were all lined up on parade. The Indians

were very quick to notice this, as it would interfere with their plans. But they held their heads a little higher and tried to appear at ease.

As they passed through the door of the council room, they saw Major Gladwin and the other officers seated at the farther end, each with a sword at his side and a brace of pistols in his belt. An angry scowl settled on Pontiac's brow as he realized that his treachery had been discovered. Without waiting for the usual ceremonies, he asked Major Gladwin why the soldiers were drawn up in line and parading the streets.

"To make them perfect in their drill," was the reply.

Although Pontiac knew that this was false he said nothing. He watched the chiefs as they seated themselves on the skins that were spread upon the ground, and then began his address. He held the wampum belt in his hand while he talked. He spoke of his good will and friendship toward the English; said he had always been their friend and wished to continue so as long as they remained in the country. Major Gladwin paid but little attention to the speech, but kept his eyes fastened on the wampum belt. He knew that when the deadly signal was given, no time must be lost.

As Pontiac finished his speech, he lifted the belt as if he meant to pass it to Major Gladwin. At the same instant, the commandant slightly raised his hand, when each officer drew his sword half way out of its scabbard. A sudden clattering of arms from the outside, and the rapid beating of a great drum filled the council room with a volume of sound. The warriors were trembling with fear, and the great chief himself was for a moment

unable to move or speak, so great was his surprise at this sudden thwarting of all his carefully laid plans.

When the drum had ceased beating and all was again quiet, Major Gladwin made a speech in reply to Pontiac. Instead of thanking him for his proffered friendship, he called him a traitor. He told him that the English knew all about his treachery and his plans for destroying the garrison. To prove his assertion he approached the chief, drew aside the blanket which he wore and uncovered the shortened gun. This proved very embarrassing to the Indians, who now began to fear that they might prove the victims, rather than the victors. But as the commandant had given them a promise that they should always be safe when they asked for a council, he could not break it. However, he advised them to get out of the Fort as soon as possible, lest the soldiers should seek revenge for this treachery. Pontiac tried very hard to convince the commandant that he was not guilty, but Major Gladwin refused to listen, and the Indians sullenly left the Fort.

Pontiac was not discouraged by his ill luck. He determined to again make friends with the English that he might carry out his plans. The next day was Sunday. Late in the afternoon, with several of his chiefs, he paddled across the river to smoke the peace pipe with the officers of the Fort. Major Gladwin refused to go near them, but Captain Campbell thought it was a better policy to pacify them. He went outside the Fort, smoked the peace pipe with them and brought back a message to Major Gladwin, saying that the whole nation would come to council the next day, when they would settle

everything satisfactorily with the English. After this was done, the Indians would all depart and go back to their several villages.

The next morning the sentinels saw a fleet of canoes in the distance. They counted them one after another, as they came around the point of the island. There were more than half a hundred and in each one were seven or eight Indians. The canoes were drawn up on the sandy beach and the Indians, with Pontiac at their head, marched slowly, one behind the other, to the Fort. When they reached the gate, Pontiac demanded admittance. He was met by an interpreter, who told him that he could enter alone, but that his warriors must remain outside. Pontiac was very indignant at this treatment. In his haughtiest manner, he told the interpreter to say to the commandant that either all or none of the Indians would enter the Fort.

"Tell him," said the angry chief, "that he may stay inside his Fort and I will keep the country."

He then turned away in a great rage, strode proudly to his canoe and paddled across the river to the Ottawa village. His warriors were furious at the failure of their plans. They began to whoop and yell, and hunt around for some one on whom they might wreak their vengeance. At last some of them ran to the house of an English woman that stood near the Fort and murdered her and her two sons. Another party paddled swiftly to Belle Isle, where they killed a drove of cattle that belonged to the English, and scalped and murdered the Englishmen who had them in charge. They also killed a boat's crew, consisting of the captain and six men, who were on the

return trip from the St. Clair Flats, where they had been sent to discover a passage for one of the small schooners that was bound for Mackinaw.

But Pontiac was too haughty to stoop to such revenge as this. On his return to the Ottawa village, he ordered the Indian women to immediately move their wigwams across the river to an elevated spot some distance above the Fort. He then retired to his wigwam on Peche Island and spent the day in planning schemes of revenge.

Before night, the lodge poles were all planted, and the old men and the women and children were busy at work arranging their possessions and building their camp fires. The warriors had all assembled back of the Fort, and were seated in a circle on the grass ready for a war council, when Pontiac leaped suddenly into their midst. He was painted hideously and dressed in full war costume. Swinging his tomahawk he began the war chant. He grew excited as he recited his own great deeds and berated the English. A murmur of assent arose from his listeners, and one by one they rose to their feet and began to whirl round until every one was dancing the war dance.

Major Gladwin now began to realize the great danger that threatened the garrison. The noise made by the frenzied savages drove all thoughts of sleep away. Every man, both officers and soldiers, stood guard all night, in readiness for whatever might happen. While Major Gladwin paced the narrow street that encircled the buildings of the Fort, just inside of the pickets, he thought of their desperate situation and tried to plan what was best for them to do. Between the garrison and the savages

there was but a single row of palisades. This was made by planting logs close together, deep in the ground, so that they stood twenty-five feet high. There were block houses at the corners, which gave them a fair outlook in every direction, and the river gave them plenty of water. A schooner and a sloop, both well armed, sailed between Detroit and Niagara, and could be depended upon to supply them with food and ammunition.

With the daybreak, Major Gladwin joined the anxious watchers in the blockhouse at the southeast corner of the Fort. On the low bluff they could see the lodges of the Ottawas, that had been moved over during the night. This told them that Pontiac was preparing for a siege. And while they were still talking about it, a pattering of bullets against the blockhouse told them that it had already begun. The Indians were nowhere to be seen.

During the morning a number of French settlers, who had been summoned by Pontiac for a grand council, visited the Fort. They told the commandant that most of the French inhabitants were gathered at the house of a trader, where the Indians were to hold their council. They asked him to allow Captain Campbell and another officer to go to the council with them and try to make peace with the Indians. They promised that both should be allowed to return in safety to the Fort that very night. Major Gladwin was not in favor of their going, but when the Frenchmen promised that they would be given a good supply of corn, and flour, and bear's grease, he consented. As they had but a small supply of provisions within the Fort, he feared that this might be their only opportunity of securing more.

The party was but a short distance from the Fort when they met Mr. Gouin, one of the French settlers, who warned the officers not to venture among the excited Indians, as their lives would be in danger if they did. But they paid no attention to his advice and went on. When they reached the river bank, they were attacked by a party of Indians and would have been murdered if Pontiac had not come to their rescue. On entering the house they found the largest room filled with Frenchmen and Indians. In the center of the group sat the trader wearing a hat and coat trimmed with gold lace which had once belonged to some military officer. He paid no attention to the officers who were so much his superiors in rank, but kept his seat without removing his hat. Pontiac addressed the sullen trader, first with some flattering remarks, and then turned to the English officers. He told them that peace could not be secured in any other way than by the English leaving the country, without their arms and baggage, as the French had been obliged to do three years before. Captain Campbell made a plea for peace in a few words and then he and his companion sat down and waited for Pontiac's reply. An hour passed in silence, and at last discouraged at their failure in securing a promise of peace, the two officers arose and prepared to return to the Fort. But the wily chief had other plans. He said in a quiet tone of voice, while a wicked smile spread over his features:

"My father will sleep in the lodge of his red children." and they were immediately placed under a strong guard and sent to the house of Mr. Meloche, one of the French inhabitants.

The next day Pontiac sent a messenger to Major Gladwin with his offer to make peace only on condition that the English leave the country. The French inhabitants urged him to escape while there was a chance. But he refused to listen to the terms. The soldiers caught his spirit, and vowed they would hold the Fort until help should arrive from the far away army.

The Indians were now all around the Fort and a regular siege had begun. Not a head could expose itself at a loophole, or above the parapets, without becoming the target of a hundred guns, and the garrison was constantly on the alert. The Indians gathered in great numbers behind a cluster of buildings that stood near the Fort. Finding it impossible to reach them with grape shot, Major Gordon ordered a quantity of spikes to be heated red hot and fired into the buildings. This was done and they were soon blazing. The terrified Indians ran across the fields, screeching and yelling, followed by shouts of laughter from the garrison. In this manner, and by bold sallies, they gradually cleared away all the outbuildings, and fences, and orchards, that furnished shelter for the Indians, so that the cannon could sweep the entire region around the Fort. The Indians now tried to set fire to the houses within the enclosure, by crawling through the grass as near as possible to the palisades and then throwing wads of burning tow on the thatched roofs. But there was plenty of water in tanks and cisterns and these fires were easily extinguished.

About this time Major Gladwin learned that a detachment of troops with provisions was on its way to Detroit. He immediately dispatched the smaller of the

two schooners that lay at anchor in front of the Fort to tell them of his danger and bid them hasten to his assistance. The Indians kept up the firing every day and the men were becoming discouraged. The news of the approaching fleet was the only thing that kept them from giving up in despair. Day after day they watched the river from early morning until twilight shut out the view. But the weary days passed slowly by and nothing was heard of the troops or the schooner.

To add to their troubles, they began to hear rumors that proved how cleverly Pontiac's plans to drive the English from the borderland region were being carried out. First there came news of the capture of Fort Sandusky, where the commandant was called by the sentry to speak with some Indians at the gate. He allowed them to enter the Fort and gave them some tobacco. He was seized and bound and carried outside the gate where he saw all the garrison lying dead on the ground. The next day the commandant of the garrison at the Miamis, learned that Detroit had been attacked by the Indians. He immediately set his men at work preparing ammunition. While they were busy at this, an Indian woman begged him to bleed one of her friends who was ill in a wigwam outside the stockade. While on his way he was shot and killed. The terrified garrison immediately surrendered to two of Pontiac's meessengers, who were Frenchmen. About the same time a party of Indians attacked Fort St. Joseph, when the commandant and part of the garrison were taken prisoners and the remainder killed. All these misfortunes came to the ears of Major Gladwin and made him very despondent.

At last one morning, after a night of terrible experiences with the savages, a shout was heard from the sentry on guard, announcing that the expected rescuers were in sight. The news quickly spread through the garrison.

The soldiers rushed out of the gate that was protected by the guns of the schooner. They crowded the banks of the river and shouted for joy. Away in the distance, they could see the fleet of boats slowly advancing. The dripping oars were flashing in the sun, and the English flag was fluttering in the breeze. Every heart bounded with excitement and three rousing cheers were sent over the water. The guns fired a salute that shook the foundations of the Fort and echoed and re-echoed through the forest. But no answering cheers came back, and the fleet drew nearer and nearer in dead silence.

Suddenly every face paled with horror. Dark, naked figures were seen rising in the boats, waving their arms wildly above their heads, while the distant sound of the war whoop floated over the water. The soldiers looked at each other in silent terror. They could not speak, nor was it necessary. The war cries and wild gestures told the whole story. The fleet was in the hands of the enemy. The boats had been captured and the troops had been murdered or taken prisoners.

With heavy hearts and sorrowful thoughts they watched the approach of the boats, eighteen in number, until the occupants could be seen distinctly. In each of the boats were two or more of the English prisoners, who were compelled to act as rowers. The remainder of the space was occupied by the savages, while another party kept pace with the boats along

the shore. In the leading boat were four soldiers and only three Indians. As the boats came opposite the anchored schooner, one of the soldiers made up his mind to escape. He made his plans known to his companions by signs and then, while pretending to change places with one of the rowers, he threw himself on the most powerful of the three Indians and jumped overboard into the water. The savage clutched him by the throat and they were both drowned together. The two remaining Indians were so frightened by the sudden attack that they leaped into the water and swam to the shore. The soldiers then turned and paddled toward the schooner as swiftly as possible.

When the Indians on shore saw what had happened, they started in pursuit, firing as they approached and wounding one of the soldiers. The boat was loaded down with its cargo of pork and flour and could make but little headway. The Indians were fast gaining on them, but at last the schooner sent a volley of shot which ploughed up the waters among the light canoes and sent them flying to the shore. The soldiers were now able to reach the schooner with the much needed supplies.

Of the ten bateaux that had left Niagara, eight had been captured by the Indians. The remaining two, which contained the commandant and forty soldiers, succeeded in making their escape and returning to Niagara. The Indians had brought with them over ninety prisoners. They had also captured a large quantity of ammunition, provisions and other articles. Unfortunately for the besieged garrison there was a large quantity of rum and

other liquors among the cargo. This the Indians carried to their camps immediately.

And now came the darkest days of the siege. The Indians were intoxicated the most of the time. In their horrible revels they tortured the English prisoners in every manner known to their cruel nature. Some of them were compelled to run the gauntlet and were hacked at every step with knives in the hands of the squaws. Others were roasted before a slow fire and others were chopped in pieces while still alive. This terrible torture lasted for many days and during it all the survivors were forced to witness agonies which they knew they would soon be forced to endure themselves. Day after day the mutilated bodies of the dead prisoners floated down the river past the Fort in full view of the garrison.

At this time they received news of the dreadful massacre at Mackinaw, which was the worst of any that had yet taken place. And now one post after another had fallen, until Detroit was the only one left in the hands of the English. A few days later some Frenchmen brought word that a large party of Indian warriors had joined Pontiac, which increased the number of his forces to eight hundred and forty warriors. These, with the squaws and children, made over three thousand who were scattered around the Fort and over the meadows.

With Pontiac's continued successes, he grew aggressive and began to assume airs and imitate the whites. On the opposite side of the river was the little French mission house, where the missionaries preached to the settlers. One Sunday morning Pontiac paddled across the river to attend mass. When the services were over he selected

three of the sedan chairs, in which the better class of French residents had been carried to church by their slaves. He then obliged their owners to carry him and his companions back to their canoes. He also imitated Major Gladwin in his business dealings with the whites. When he bought cattle for meat he gave his note, which meant a promise to pay at a certain time. Instead of paper with the agreement written on it, he gave thin, square pieces of cedar, on which he drew his totem, the picture of an otter. He was perfectly honest in redeeming these agreements when they were presented to him. Each one represented a certain number of pounds of beaver skins which were promptly weighed and delivered.

The savages were now becoming impatient at their unsuccessful attempts to destroy the Fort and once more Pontiac appeared at the gate, and demanded the surrender of the garrison. He told the interpreter that a large party of warriors were on their way from Mackinaw to Detroit. They had already destroyed the garrison at that place and they were now coming to help him. Major Gladwin told him that when he returned the English prisoners to the Fort they would talk about the matter, but until that was done he might save himself the trouble of sending any more messages. In reply to this, Pontiac said that his kettle was hanging over the fire, all ready to cook the whole garrison, and that if the prisoners were returned, they would soon come back to him again, to be cooked with the others.

The next day they heard that the schooner was near Detroit, and would soon come to their relief. And after

many thrilling experiences with the savages, who lay in wait for them on some of the islands at the mouth of the river, the schooner at last ploughed her way over the white capped waters, and dropped her anchor opposite the Fort. She landed a force of fifty men, and a large quantity of provisions and ammunitions.

As time passed and the garrison still remained in possession of the Fort, Pontiac grew impatient. He began to quarrel with the French, threatening them with his vengeance unless they joined him and took up arms against the English. When Major Gladwin heard this he summoned the residents to meet him at the Fort and read to them the treaty of peace that had been signed by France and England. They turned against the old chief, formed themselves into a company and after choosing a leader, they joined Major Gladwin's troops.

With this loss of support, Pontiac grew desperate. He used every means in his power to torture and destroy. He pulled down the barns of the French farmers and made rafts of the bark and logs. He then plastered them over with pitch and other combustibles that would burn fiercely. These were towed out into the river, a short distance above the anchored vessels, and set on fire. There they were left with the swift current to float them down against the vessels. The flames leaped high in the air, lighting up all the whitewashed farm houses along the shores, and the wooded island in the background. But the crews of the boats saw the danger and were prepared to meet it. They were anchored by two cables, one at each end. When the fire raft approached they slipped one of the cables, thus allowing the boats to swing around

while the blazing structure passed harmlessly on its way down the river.

A few weeks later, twenty-two barges from Niagara arrived at the Fort, under command of Captain Dalzell. The garrison was now reinforced with two hundred and eighty men, several small cannon and a fresh supply of provisions and ammunition. Captain Dalzell was anxious to put an end to the siege at once by crushing Pontiac and his followers with one bold stroke. He wished to make an attack on the Ottawa village the very night of his arrival. But Major Gladwin, who understood the power and treachery of the cunning Indian chief, was opposed to this movement. He only gave his consent when Dalzell threatened to leave Detroit unless he could have his own way.

Through the treachery of some of the French residents, Pontiac learned of these plans and was on his guard. Very early in the morning of the last day of July Captain Dalzell marched his force of two hundred and fifty men along the sandy shore of the swift running river toward a little stream about a mile and a half above the Fort.

THE BATTLE OF BLOODY BRIDGE.
1763

Parent's creek was a mile and a half from the Fort. It followed a wild, rough ravine, which ran diagonally across the narrow French farms and found its way in a slow, sluggish fashion through a thick growth of tall wild grass and rushes until it reached the Detroit river.

The road that followed the river shore in front of the Fort crossed the creek on a long, narrow wooden bridge. Just beyond the bridge the land rose in high banks which ran along the two sides of the narrow stream. All along these banks were rude fortifications which Pontiac had built to protect his camp. Besides these, there were long piles of fire wood which belonged to the inhabitants, and stout picket fences which enclosed the orchards and gardens.

Soon after midnight the gates of the Fort were carefully opened and a company of soldiers, numbering about two hundred and fifty, under command of Captain Dalzell, moved silently up the river in the direction of Pontiac's camp. Two by two they marched in perfect silence while two small bateaux, each carrying a swivel gun moved along the river near the shore, just abreast of them. The night was still and sultry, and so dark that the white farm houses on their left looked like black shadows against the midnight sky.

The inhabitants along the line of march were aroused by the barking of the house dogs. They came to their windows and watched the long procession of gleaming bayonets until they disappeared in the darkness, at a loss to understand what it all meant.

And thus the English marched on without a suspicion that Pontiac knew anything about their plans, or that behind every shelter Indian scouts were watching them. Painted warriors, armed and eager for battle, were crouching behind fences, woodpiles and the rude fortifications, with leveled guns, awaiting the war whoop signal to attack the enemy.

As the soldiers drew near the creek, they could see the house of Mr. Meloche, a French habitant, which stood on a little knoll at the left, and in front of them, the hazy outlines of the bridge, while farther beyond, the high embankment rose like a black wall in the darkness. Suddenly, when the advance guard had crossed over the bridge, and the main body was just entering upon it, there was a horrible savage yell in front, and a discharge of guns from behind fences, woodpiles and intrenchments. More than half of the soldiers in the advance guard were shot down in their tracks, and the remainder retreated in great confusion. But Captain Dalzell rallied his men, and the whole force made a bold dash across the bridge and up the embankment. Cheered by their leader's voice and his words of command, they hastily mounted the highest ridges, but not an Indian was in sight. They could see nothing but the flashes of the enemy's guns.

The soldiers were desperate from their losses. They hunted in vain among the woodpiles and behind the fences, for their enemies, although the guns continued to flash through the darkness, and the frightful war whoops mingled with the reports. To advance was impossible. The country was unknown to them and the enemy was invisible. Their only salvation was in retreat. They turned about, and rushed back across the bridge, with the frail hope that they might be able to reach the Fort in safety. But they were met with a terrible shower of bullets, which came from the house of Mr. Meloche, and the neighboring orchards, where a large party of Indians were gathered.

At last Captain Grant led his company up the hill and drove them from the house, and orchards, at the point of the bayonet. Here he was told by a friendly Frenchman that the Indians were hurrying down the road in great numbers, to take possession of the farm houses along the road, in order to cut off the retreat of the troops to the Fort. There was no other way of escape for the retreating English, excepting along this road, that lay between the houses and the river, and behind each house was a little band of bloodthirsty savages.

The soldiers fell back in marching order, with Grant in front and Dalzell in the rear, and started for the Fort. The Indians kept up a scattering fire for about half a mile, until they reached a point where the houses and barns were near together, forming a fine hiding place for the savages. The advance guard were allowed to pass unmolested, but when the center and rear guards appeared, the savages raised a frightful war whoop, and poured volley after volley among them. The men were panic stricken. They broke ranks in great disorder in their eagerness to escape the storm of bullets, and but for the bravery of Captain Dalzell, the retreat would have ended in a cowardly flight. Although he had already received two very severe wounds he did not falter, but exerted all his remaining strength to check the stampede. Some of the soldiers he encouraged, some he threatened, and some he beat with the flat of his sword, until order was restored and the fire of the enemy returned with good effect.

By this time it was near daylight, but a thick fog had risen from the water, and settled down among the

trees, and over the houses. Although the Indians were not in sight, the sound of their voices, mingling with the terrific war whoops, and the constant flashing of the guns, confused the soldiers and drowned the voices of the commanding officers. During this terrible confusion the savages were darting here and there, through the mist, cutting down the stragglers, and scalping the fallen, both dead and alive.

Just at this time a wounded sergeant managed to raise himself on his shattered elbows, and with a despairing look on his face, gazed at his receding comrades. Dalzell saw him, and though already faint from the loss of blood, rushed out to rescue him. A well aimed shot struck him, and the brave Captain fell dead. Very few of the men saw him, but those who did were so harassed by the pursuing Indians that they could not turn back to recover his body.

The death of Captain Dalzell placed Major Rogers in command. In order to protect the retreat he took possession of the Campau House, which stood midway between the bridge and the Fort, and gave a good view of the road in both directions. The house was a large, and a strong one, and here were gathered all the women and children of the neighborhood. They were crowded in the cellar to protect them from the flying bullets. Mr. Campau, the master of the house, stood on the trap door to keep the frightened soldiers from seeking refuge with them.

All was in a state of wild confusion. While some of the soldiers searched for a hiding place, others found a keg of whiskey and drank it with much relish. Others,

more sensible and cautious, barricaded the doors and windows with packs of furs and furniture, and all other solid articles within reach. Panting and breathless, they pushed their muskets through the openings and fired at random upon the whooping savages. The screams of the frightened, half smothered women in the cellar, the horrible war whoops, and the shouts and curses of the soldiers, mingled together in a terrible confusion, and it was a long time before Major Rogers could restore order. Meantime Captain Grant, with the advanced party, had taken possession of some houses farther down the road, and as the soldiers approached, he was able to guard their retreat. In this way the detachments moved along from house to house, until at last they succeeded in reaching the Fort, where they found the bateaux with their ghastly cargo of wounded and dead.

This battle is known in history as the Battle of Bloody Bridge.

PONTIAC
1760 - - 1769

Pontiac's home was on a small, low island, in the mouth of Lake St. Clair. This Island was a short distance above Belle Isle, and about nine miles from the Fort. The early French settlers called it Isle au Large, but later it was known as Isle la Peche, or Fish Island. This name was given to it from its resemblance to a fish in outline, and also because the waters around it were

the favorite feeding resorts of the white fish. There were four wigwams on the upper end of the island, where the ground was highest. These were the homes of his four wives, and their families. On the south shore of the river, opposite Belle Isle, half hidden among a ragged growth of willows and rushes, was the large village of the Ottawas. About fifteen hundred men, women, and children who belonged to the tribe, lived here, with Pontiac for their chief.

The Island was well situated for his home. From a high bluff on the upper end, he could watch the approach of an enemy either by land or water for a long distance. On both sides of the river there were endless marshes which it was impossible to penetrate excepting when they were frozen. For this reason, all visitors to the great chief were forced to travel either up or down the river.

Although Pontiac was one of the greatest chiefs in the Borderland region he did not live in royal splendor. His private lodge, which no one dared enter without his permission, was a rude, oblong hut, made of bark and rushes. Here, in times of peace, he lounged on rush mats and rugs made of bear and buffalo skins. His warriors were within signal call, his wives attended to all his personal wants, and he was left alone while he watched the river and the lake for the approach of enemies, and plotted mischief against the whites. While he did this, he smoked his totem pipe and drank freely of the English rum.

When he wearied of this idle life, he went to the hunting grounds on the main land, where game, both feath-

ered and furred, was very abundant. Or he paddled his bark canoe out into the lake, where the largest fish were found. And thus he lived, in savage indolence, king and ruler of Isle la Peche, and of the Ottawa village on the mainland.

Pontiac was short and stout and his skin was very much darker than others of his tribe. His face wore a bold and stern expression, his manner was pompous, and arbitrary. When he visited the Fort and the homes of the French inhabitants he wore the dress of the white man, but when he was idling at his Island home his costume was scanty and simple. He wore nothing but a square of broadcloth around his body, fastened by a belt, or a red sash, such as the voyageurs wore. His feet and legs were bare and his long black hair hung loosely down his back. This costume was quite comfortable during the summer, but when winter came he was obliged to change it. He then wore leggins and moccasins and a hunting shirt, all made of tanned deerskin. A large woolen blanket was spread around his shoulders, fastened together in front with long sharp thorns. He sometimes wore a bear, or buffalo skin, outside of his blanket.

This was the great chief Pontiac at the time he held his celebrated war council on the banks of the river Ecorces, where he disclosed his plans for the total destruction of all the military posts along the Borderland.

After the battle of Bloody Run, Pontiac became discouraged. His great conspiracy, by which he hoped to drive the hated English from the country, had ended in a failure. Soon after peace had been declared between the United States and England, and the stars and stripes

were floating over the Fort at Detroit he bade a last farewell to his Island home. The Indian villages near Detroit were nearly all broken up, and the Ottawas had settled on the banks of the Maumee river, not far away. Pontiac's lodge and the wigwams of his families were removed to a dense forest which was known as the "Black Swamp of the Maumee." He had left his favor-

WINDMILL ON SHORE OF LAKE ST. CLAIR, OVERLOOKING PONTIAC'S HOME.

ite wife in an Indian grave on the high bluff at the upper end of Isle la Peche. With the remaining three and his children he lived at this place for about four years, supplying the simple wants of his families with his rod and gun.

At last he became restless, and went to St. Louis to visit some French friends, whom he had once known in Detroit. While there, he learned that a big Indian powwow was to be held at the Indian village across the Mississippi river, a few miles distant. Against the advice and the warnings of his friends, he decided to attend it. He dressed himself in the uniform of a French officer and went. A great feast was spread and rum was plentiful.

Pontiac drank, and talked in his grandest manner, boasting of his great deeds in the past, until daylight, when he left the village, and started on his return to St. Louis, singing loudly, as he tottered along over the uneven trail.

The English who lived in St. Louis did not trust the old chief. They were suspicious that he might be plotting mischief against the whites and they determined to guard against it. A prominent English trader agreed to give an Illinois Indian a barrel of rum, if he would murder the treacherous Indian chief. The Indian followed Pontiac into the forest and while he was lying in a drunken stupor the deed was accomplished. The murderer carried the scalp of his victim to his employer and received his reward.

Pontiac's body was taken to St. Louis and was buried with military honors by his French friends. There is neither mound nor tablet to mark his burial place. But it is somewhere in the heart of the great city and the pale face race whom he hated so bitterly now trample the soil over his grave.

THE MACKINAW MASSACRE
1763

An early writer gives the following description of Fort Mich-ili-mack-i-nac in 1763:

It was located near the water, on the site of the present city of Mackinaw. Outside the enclosure and near it was a cluster of small white houses roofed with bark and protected by fences of strong, round pickets. As the visitor entered the gate of the Fort he saw a large square, surrounded by high palisades, and within this square was a smaller square, surrounded by numerous houses,

barracks, and other buildings. The space which they enclosed was the public square, the meeting place for all classes. There were the British soldiers in their red uniforms, the hardy Canadians in their gray coats, and the Indians in their buckskin garments and gaudy blankets, and strolling restlessly among them were a multitude of squaws, with their papooses on their backs.

There were about thirty families within the palisades of the Fort and as many more living in the houses outside.

There were two tribes of Indians who owned the land in that region, the Ottawas and the Chippewas. The principal village of the Chippewas was on Mackinaw Island. Both of these tribes had received from Pontiac the war belt of purple and black wampum, and the painted hatchet, and both had pledged themselves to join him in his attacks on the Borderland posts. In the spring of 1763 the Chippewas received word that Detroit had been attacked by the Indians. This news greatly excited them, and they began to make plans for an immediate attack on Fort Mich-ili-mack-i-nac.

The fourth of June was the King's birthday, and all the Indians who were loyal to the British, prepared to celebrate it by playing a game of Bagattaway on the stretch of level, open ground, near the Fort. They invited all the soldiers, the officers, and the Commandant to witness the game.

This game was played with a bat about four feet long and one inch in diameter, and a large, hard ball. On one end of the bat was a small, stiff hoop, with a network of cord loosely woven across it. The players were

not allowed to touch the ball with their hands, but caught it in the net at the end of the bat. Tall posts were planted at each end of the playground. These posts marked the goal of the two parties, and were a mile or more apart. The game consisted in each party striving to keep the ball away from their own goal, and to carry it to the goal of their adversaries. At the beginning of the game both parties gathered half way between the posts. The ball was tossed high into the air and each one tried to catch it as it fell. The one who got it, held it high above his head and started for his opponent's goal. The whole party, with merry shouts and yells, followed after him in hot pursuit. If he was in danger of losing it, he threw it with all his might towards his opponent's goal. Some one of his opponents caught it and sent it whizzing back in the opposite direction. Back and forth the ball flew, now to the right, and now to the left, now near to one goal, and now nearer to the other, with the whole band crowding after each other in the wildest confusion. It is a very exciting game, and sometimes the sun would set and find the game unfinished. When this happened, they would begin again on the following morning. It often happened that six or seven hundred Indians would play together in a single game.

Among the prominent English fur traders in Michili-mack-i-nac at that time was Alexander Henry, who was an eye witness and almost a victim of that wholesale butchery known in history as the Mackinaw Massacre. He had heard rumors of a proposed attack on the Fort, but as the commandant refused to believe the story, and threatened to arrest any person who repeated it, he paid

no attention to the matter, and continued trading with the Indians as usual.

The game of Bagattaway, which the Indians played on that memorable occasion, was the most exciting sport in which the red men could engage. There were between six and seven hundred players from the two opposing tribes, the Chippewas and the Sioux. In the heat of the contest, when all were running at their greatest speed, if one stumbled and fell, fifty or a hundred who were in close pursuit and unable to stop, would stumble over him, forming a mound of human bodies, sometimes crushing and bruising several of the players so that they were unable to proceed with the game. All this noise, confusion and violence were especially planned to divert the attention of both officers and men from their duties. To make their success more certain, the Indians had induced as many of the soldiers as possible to come outside of the Fort, that they might have a better view of the game, while at the same time, the squaws, well wrapped in their blankets, beneath which they concealed the murderous weapons that were to be used later, were placed inside of the enclosure. The plot was so carefully planned that no one suspected danger. The soldiers were strolling about without their guns, watching the sport, and even when the ball was thrown high in the air and fell inside of the enclosure, followed by several hundred savage warriors, all struggling and shouting, no alarm was felt, until the shrill war whoop told the startled garrison that the work of slaughter had actually begun.

While the game was in progress, Mr. Henry was busily engaged in writing letters to his friends in Mon-

MACKINAW MASSACRE

treal, when he heard the war whoop. He rushed to the window which looked out on the horrible sight. The savages were tomahawking and scalping every Englishman they could see. Officers and men were struggling helplessly in their grasp. Women and children, screaming and crying, as they clung to husbands and fathers, were thrust aside or trampled under feet, among the dead and dying. And everywhere, amid the frightful carnage, were the Indians, with their dripping tomahawks and scalping knives, searching for more victims.

One strange fact attracted the attention of Mr. Henry. The French inhabitants were not molested. They remained in their homes calmly watching the terrible slaughter, but made no effort to prevent it. Mr. Henry now began to fear for his own safety. His next door neighbor was a Frenchman named Langlade. There was only a low fence between the two houses, and he decided to climb it, and seek safety among his French friends. He found the whole family at the windows. No attention was paid to him, until he asked Mr. Langlade to hide him in a safe place until the massacre was over. His request was met with a careless shrug of the shoulders, and he was told that nothing could be done for him without endangering the family.

As Mr. Henry turned away, he was met by a Pawnee woman, one of Mr. Langlade's slaves. She beckoned him to follow her. She led the way to the garret, closed and locked the door and took the key away with her. Through a crack between the logs he could see the savages still engaged in their bloody work, shrieking and whooping, as they danced around their dying victims.

At last he heard the cry: "It is finished; no more Englishmen." And then they came rushing into the house where he was secreted. Only a single layer of boards separated the garret from the room below, and he could hear what they said. They were hunting for any stray Englishman who might have escaped from their tomahawks.

Mr. Langlade gave them permission to search the house, and led the way to the garret. Some time elapsed after they arrived at the door before the key could be found, giving Mr. Henry an opportunity to secrete himself among some birch bark mokoks that were piled in a corner. Four Indians entered the room, all armed with tomahawks. Mr. Henry was almost afraid to breathe, and he felt sure that they could hear the loud beating of his heart. They walked in every direction about the garret, and at times were so near him that he could have touched them, but fortunately for him, the room was not very light, and his clothes were nearly the same color as the mokoks. After walking round and round the room, and telling Mr. Langlade how many Englishmen they had killed and how many scalps they had taken, they gave up the search and went away.

Very early the next morning the Indians came to the house again. They told Mr. Langlade that they were searching for an Englishman named Henry, who was not among the dead, and once more they entered the garret. Mr. Henry, now satisfied that any further attempt at concealment was useless, gave himself up as lost. Among the Indians, who were all intoxicated, was a chief named Wenniway, whom he recognized as an acquaintance. This

Indian seized him by the collar and held a large knife in front of him, as if about to thrust it into his heart. But he soon dropped his arm and said:

"No, I will not kill you. I will take you in place of my brother, whom I have lost. And you shall be called Musingen, as he was called, and you shall come with me to my lodge."

Although Mr. Henry was much relieved at the turn his affairs had taken, he was not pleased with the idea of venturing among the excited, drunken savages. He begged his new brother to allow him to remain where he was until later, when the Indians would become stupefied with drink and fall asleep. His request was granted, and again he entered the garret.

But he was not allowed to remain very long. In about an hour another Indian visited him, and said that Wenniway had sent for him. Although Mr. Henry's suspicions were aroused, he took the advice of Mr. Langlade and consented to go. Before leaving the house, the Indian obliged Mr. Henry to exchange clothes with him, which was rather a bad bargain for the trader, as the Indian's entire suit consisted only of a long filthy shirt.

When they reached the gate of the Fort, Mr. Henry started to pass through it but the Indian seized him, and dragged him in the opposite direction. He was now prepared for the worst and refused to go any farther. The Indian became furious. He drew his knife and prepared to use it, when by a sudden jerk and a push, Mr. Henry sent him floundering among the bushes and started on a swift run toward the Fort. He entered the gate with the Indian at his heels, flourishing the knife and foaming

at the mouth with rage. Fortunately for the trader, his Indian brother Wenniway was in the Fort at the time, and came to his assistance.

Although the most of the English were killed during the Massacre, a few managed to secrete themselves until the fury of the savages had abated. These, with Mr. Henry, were all held as prisoners by the Indians. Among them was Major Ethrington, the Commandant of the Fort, and two of his Lieutenants.

After passing through many thrilling, terrifying adventures, during which the Englishmen were forced to submit to all the cruel tortures known to savagery, the Commandant was able to send two messengers for help, one to Major Gladwin at Detroit, and one to the Commandant of the Fort at Green Bay. As Detroit was already in a state of siege, with Pontiac and his savage warriors at her gate, no assistance could be secured from that quarter. But at Green Bay the messenger was more fortunate. The Commandant of that Fort, with a company of soldiers and a large body of friendly Indians, started out to help them.

The Indians were opposed to releasing their prisoners without a struggle. Several days passed and many councils were held before the Englishmen were given up. On the 18th of July, 1763, all that remained of the English garrison left the place protected by an escort of friendly Indians, arriving in safety at Montreal on the 13th of August.

Not a British soldier was left in the Borderland region except those at Detroit. For a little more than a year after the Massacre at Fort Mich-ili-mack-i-nac

the place was occupied only by the coureurs du bois, and roving bands of Indians. But after the treaty with the Indians, Captain Howard with a large force of troops was sent to take possession of the place, and once more the English flag was unfurled over the Fort.

OLD DETROIT

DETROIT IN 1813.

Detroit is the oldest city in the Lake region. It was first visited by the French in 1610, and for one hundred and fifty years after it was under the dominion of France.

In 1760 it was transferred to England and the British flag floated over the little village for thirty-six years.

In 1796 the American government took possession of Detroit, when the first flag that ever waved in Michigan bearing the Stars and Stripes was unfurled over the Fort built by the British in 1788, during the American Revolution.

Sixteen years later, in 1812, Detroit was surrendered to the English, and once more the British flag floated over the Fort.

One year later, in 1813, Detroit again came into possession of the Americans and the Stars and Stripes were again unfurled, where they have waved continuously ever since, through a period of nearly one hundred years.

The third year after Cadillac founded the town, the Indians set fire to it, but the fire was discovered before much injury was done. About the same time a war party paraded before the town and tried to persuade the friendly Indians to join them in an attack. De Tonti was in command at the time.

There were three Indian villages in the vicinity of the Fort. The Hurons and the Pottawatamies were on the north shore of the river and the Ottawas on the south.

In May, 1712, the town was again attacked by the Indians. At this time Du Buisson was commandant with but twenty soldiers. The Indians of the three villages, who were friends of the whites, were all away hunting. Preparations were made for the defense and messengers were sent to call the hunters to their assistance. Soon after the attack was commenced the village Indians appeared in their war paint, all ready for battle. A fierce struggle and a long siege followed. Many of the thatched houses were burned by the flaming arrows of the Indians. Some were saved by covering them with wet skins.

At last the commandant became discouraged, and was tempted to leave the Fort and return to Mackinaw. But his Indian allies were opposed to this movement. They danced their war dance and sang their war songs and

again renewed their attacks on the enemy, filling the small Fort where they were sheltered with the dead and dying.

On the nineteenth day of the siege a great storm arose. During the night the enemy abandoned their entrenchment and fled with their women and children to the peninsula which reaches out into Lake St. Clair, now known as Grosse Point. Here they were again attacked by the French and their Indian allies and all but the women and children were killed.

The struggle for the control of the western continent was a long and bitter one. But with the great decisive battle between Wolfe and Montcalm, followed by the fall of Quebec, the power of the French in the new world was broken, and on the eighth of September, 1760, Montreal and all its colonies, which included not only Detroit but all the Borderland region, was surrendered by France to the English. Soon after this happened a force of English troops under command of Major Robert Rogers took possession of the Fort. The Lily of France, which had waved over the little village for nearly sixty years, was lowered, and in its place the Red Cross of England was unfurled to the breeze. The French troops were sent to Philadelphia, but the inhabitants were allowed to remain in possession of their homes.

The Indians were not at all pleased with the change. They were friendly with the French, who had always treated them in a fair and honorable manner, and by so doing had won their confidence and respect. But their treatment by the English was entirely different. They were dishonest in their dealings with them, overbearing

and cruel. In consequence of this treatment the Indians became the bitter enemies of their oppressors. All the savagery in their nature was aroused. They were ever on the war path, with tomahawks and scalping knives ready for action. The whole region became a scene of war and carnage.

These terrible conditions at last led up to what is known as the Conspiracy of Pontiac, a plot which has no equal in the whole history of savage nations. The great chief was determined to bring about a complete extermination of the hated invaders. Late in the fall of 1762, he held his famous council on the banks of the River Ecorces, eight miles below Detroit. Delegates from all the tribes of the great Northwest were present. Every detail of the plot was carefully considered. The whole thirteen Forts which stretched along the Borderland from Niagara to Mackinaw, from Pittsburg to the Mississippi, were to be attacked at the same time. The scheme was almost a complete success. Ten Forts were destroyed. Detroit was one of the three that escaped.

During the American Revolution, British troops were stationed at Detroit under command of Major Lernoult. The continued successes of the Americans and the possibility that they might continue their march to Detroit led Major Lernoult to erect a large earth Fort back of the village, on what was called the second terrace. This Fort was called Fort Lernoult, which name it bore until 1813, when it was changed to Fort Shelby in honor of Governor Shelby of Kentucky. The old Fort Ponchartrain was abandoned. There was a covered passageway leading from the village to the new Fort. The ammunition was

stored here, and it was also used by the citizens when the village was threatened by the Indians.

There were about sixty houses in the village at this time, all built of logs, some round with the bark still on, and some hewn square. There was one two stories high, which stood near the east gate of the Fort. This was called "The King's Palace." There were twenty-four men in each of the two guard houses, the gates were shut at sunset and the keys delivered to the commandant. No Indian or squaw was allowed to enter the town with a gun, tomahawk or knife. They were left with the sentinel, who delivered them to the owner when he went out. Not more than twenty-five Indians were allowed in the town at one time and when the sunset drum beat they were all compelled to leave.

The streets were all very narrow. Just inside the stockade was a street somewhat wider than the others, called the "chemin du rond," which encircled the town. An early writer has told us about the different classes of people who were sometimes seen on the streets of the village, after the English had secured some of the Indians as their allies, in their battles with the Americans.

"Troops of squaws, bending under their loads of baskets and skins, moved along the way. Rough coureurs du bois, with bales of beaver, mink, and fox skins, were passing to and from the trading stores, and leaning upon the half open doors were laughing demoiselles, who cheered or teased their favorites. Here a group of Indians were drying fresh scalps on hoops over a fire, while others, with scalps hanging from their elbows, were dancing the war dance. Indian dandies, with belted

tomahawks, and deerskin leggings fringed with beads of many colors, moved noiselessly along with blankets of scarlet cloth, guns heavy with silver ornaments and half moons, and gorgets of the same material adorning their person. Staid old justices, with powdered cues, exchanged salutes with the officers of the garrison, who were brilliant with their scarlet uniforms, gold lace and

LADIES MAKING CALLS IN OLD FRENCH CART

sword knots. Elegant ladies, with crimson silk petticoats, immense bee hive bonnets, high heeled slippers, and black silk stockings, tripped along the narrow streets. And above all the hum of the moving, talking crowd, arose the shouts of the drunken soldiers imprisoned in the guard house, and at times the clattering hoofs of the Indian ponies as they went galloping through the town."

After the downfall of Pontiac, and during the War

of the Revolution, there was almost constant warfare The Indians were continually on the war path, swooping unexpectedly, and scalping and tomahawking the unprotected women and children, burning their homes, and committing all sorts of horrible deeds. When the hideous war cry sounded from the depths of the forest back of the Fort, there was wild confusion through all the near-by settlements. The frightened little ones screamed in terror and clung to their parents, who were making hurried preparations for removal to the Fort. The sick and the aged were drawn to the enclosure on sledges. Every precaution was taken to provide for a long siege if they were forced to remain in the Fort. Provisions, bedding and clothing were strapped to the backs of the boys and girls, and so familiar did these scenes become, that the younger boys would carelessly run about, bending under their loads, mimicking the war cries of the Indians.

Two different armies were sent out by the United States government to subdue the Indians, but both were unsuccessful. The Indians were worse than ever when they found that the government was powerless to protect the poor settlers.

In 1793 General Anthony Wayne became commander of the Western army, and he immediately started out on a march to the Borderland. He pushed boldly forward through the wilderness, fighting and scattering the Indians, destroying their forts, villages and corn fields, so completely defeating them, that their power as a nation was forever broken.

On the eleventh day of July, 1796, Detroit passed

into the possession of the United States. The British troops marched out after they had spitefully broken all the windows in the garrison, filled the well with stones, and locked the gates behind them. The American troops, under General Porter, broke the locks and entered the Fort. The Red Cross of England was lowered, and the Stars and Stripes were unfurled for the first time over the site of Detroit.

But the poor, harrassed Detroiters had scarcely had time to become accustomed to the new peaceful conditions when the war of 1812 broke out. There was great excitement in Detroit and all along the Borderland. Again were the scattered bands of Indians thoroughly aroused, and were constantly engaged in their savage work. Scarcely a night passed that the settlers were not listening for the war whoop which gave warning of an attack on their homes. They slept with their loaded rifles by their bedside and muttered a prayer each night for the safety of their loved ones.

But at last the final battle was fought. Peace followed war. The Stars and Stripes again floated over the old town. The red men and the white men were friends. The little village gradually settled down to a simple, quiet life that was restful and charming. These old Detroiters had no aspirations above the level of their simple environment. Theirs was an atmosphere of contentment and happiness.

They enjoyed few luxuries and their necessities were of the simplest kind and easily satisfied. They had no matches. They lighted their fires with a flint and steel, or borrowed a burning stick from a neighbor and ran

with it to their own fireplace. They had no lamps, gas or electricity. At first they lighted their homes with blazing pitch pine, which was plentiful everywhere in the forest. Sometimes a strip of cloth, placed in a dish of melted deer tallow, and lighted at one end which hung over the side, served as a lamp, although it often proved a smoky one. The first candles were made of rushes, dipped in deer tallow, then candle wicking was used instead of rushes. Candlesticks were very scarce, and many queer substitutes were used. A bottle, two wooden pegs driven into the wall near together, a potato or a turnip with the center removed, or a piece of wood hollowed out, all served the purpose.

Wool from the sheep's back was carded into rolls, spun into yarn, woven into cloth, and made into clothing, in the homes of the people. Tea and coffee were very expensive. Wintergreens, sage and catnip were used for tea. Coffee was made of parched oats, peas or barley, and also of toasted bread crusts. The latter was called crust coffee, and was used more especially by old people and invalids.

The citizens of this unique community were very fond of pleasure and amusements. Their recreations were innocent and very simple. During the summer, when the work of the day was all finished, the elders exchanged visits with each other or promenaded along the sandy beach and on the green lawns beneath the great pear trees; the young people paddled their slender canoes over the blue water to the music of their own voices or danced in some of the cottages. There were fiddles and jewsharps in every house and the sound of music float-

ing out on the evening air would soon attract a sufficient number for a cotillion or a French Four at any time.

But not until winter came and the river was covered with a solid bridge of ice did the pleasure season really open. There was nothing now to mar their happiness or to interfere with their merrymakings. Business of all kinds was for the time suspended and only the most necessary household labors were performed. There was no more trading with the Indians. They had all gone to their winter homes in the forest. There were no crops to be cultivated, no furs to be cured and packed, no canoes to be loaded. And now each member of the community turned his thoughts to feasting and pleasure and furnishing entertainment for each other. There was a continuous succession of dinner, dancing, and card parties, with skating and sleigh riding between times.

The tough little French pony was the favorite horse. These ponies were raised in large numbers and were allowed the freedom of the village streets. The vehicle in common use by all classes was the Norman cart. It was a light two-wheeled wagon with a low railing along the sides. It was used altogether during the muddy season. When the ladies of old Detroit wished to make a fashionable call they would seat themselves on a fur robe in the bottom of the cart while the driver sat on a corner of the box in front. It was not an unusual thing for the box to tip up and spill the finely dressed lady in the mud. In summer, the calache, a two-wheeled hooded carriage, was sometimes used.

The French cariole was a box sleigh, with carved wooden runners. The long thills were bent outward and

were strapped together at the ends, giving the little pony all sorts of liberties when pacing or trotting.

A few miles above the Fort was a large marsh, which the settlers called Le Grand Marais. It extended along the river and lake shore for several miles. During the summer it was a green watery meadow, a favorite haunt for the waterfowl and also for the Indian hunter. But after the autumn rains fell the grass and rushes were entirely covered with water which the frosts of winter changed to a field of ice. This was the favorite locality for horse racing and sleigh riding.

Each season, as soon as the ice became smooth and solid, the young men would send out invitations to all able-bodied citizens to attend a bee and assist in the erection of the Hotel Du Grand Marais. This was a rude, temporary affair, built and demolished annually, but it was well adapted to the requirements of the times. It was a long, low building placed on the ice a short distance from the shore. A huge cobblestone fireplace was built at each end. The furnishings were rough tables and benches. This was a general gathering place for the young and middle aged, through the long, cold winter.

Saturday was the gala day of the week. Early in the morning, a long procession of carioles, with their occupants well wrapped in warm Indian blankets and buffalo robes glided over the glassy surface of the ice-bound river, or dodged the snowdrifts that stretched along the river road. The capacious box seats of the carioles were well filled with boxes and baskets and many mysterious packages. These were placed on the tables and amid the happy laughter and gay chatter of the

vivacious French maidens the dinner was prepared. As soon as it was over, the tables and benches were removed, and they commenced dancing, and they continued dancing, hour after hour, until the evening gun at the Fort warned them to hasten home, lest some prowling band of unfriendly savages might lie concealed in the darkness, awaiting an opportunity to lift their scalps or take them prisoners.

The next morning the gentlemen of Old Detroit, after attending faithfully to their Sabbath-day duties in the little church of Ste. Anne, would return to the Hotel Du Grand Marais, and spend the remainder of the day in carousal, and feasting on the remains of yesterday's dinner.

MICHIGAN FROM 1783 TO 1837

MICHIGAN'S FIRST MOTTO

THE SPROUT AT LENGTH BECOMES A TREE.

Although the War of the Revolution was ended, and the treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain was signed, the difficulties between the two countries were not over. The English, who were still in possession of the posts along the Borderland, refused to withdraw their troops. This caused unfriendly feelings between the two nations, and left affairs in a very unsettled condition. Baron Steuben was sent to Quebec by General Washington, to make arrangements for the occupation of these posts by the American troops. But he was informed by the officers in command of the place that the English would not vacate the posts and he was also refused passports for his return journey to Niagara and Detroit.

This was not the only difficulty that confronted the American government at this time. A grand council of Indians was held near the mouth of the Detroit river. At this council there were delegates from all the different tribes of the Great Northwest, and the principal question discussed was that of boundary lines. The

Indians claimed that the Americans had no title to any land north of the Ohio river. It was believed by the Americans that the English were to blame for this uprising of the Indians, as such a movement would hinder an attempt to occupy the Borderland.

About this time, Alexander McKenzie, an agent of the British government, visited Detroit. He was dressed like an Indian, in full war paint and feathers. He claimed that he had just returned from a visit to the remote tribes of the Northwest. He said they were all on the war path and ready to battle with the Americans, should they attempt to claim this region.

Although these stories were false, being invented by the English to further their plans, they succeeded in exciting and arousing the Indians. Bands of savage warriors armed with tomahawks and scalping knives were soon hastening toward the posts. This movement led to the formation of the great Indian confederacy against the Americans, equalling in power and number that which had been planned twenty-five years before, by Pontiac against the English. The Indians became aggressive, making frequent attacks upon the remote posts. The deadly war whoop was followed by massacres, torture and butchery. This led the American government to send General Harmer with a body of men to quell the disturbance. He was unsuccessful in his undertaking and was defeated by a large party of Indians. He was succeeded by General St. Clair, who advanced into the Indian country with two thousand men. This army was also defeated by the Indians and compelled to retreat.

An effort was now made to increase the army to such

a size that defeat would be impossible. The following year General Anthony Wayne succeeded General St. Clair as commander of the western army. He advanced through the forest to the place that marked the defeat of General St. Clair; here he built a Fort which he called Fort Recovery. At the rapids of the Maumee river he built another Fort where he stored his supplies. This he called Fort Deposit. Advancing farther into the wilderness he found an English post occupied by soldiers sent from Detroit to assist the Indians. It was at this place that the whole Indian force was gathered. They were in a dense forest, protected by the bank of the river and a breatswork of trees. A fierce battle soon followed, in which General Wayne was successful and completely routed the savages. The Indians were now subdued and a treaty was made which broke up the whole confederacy. The English, finding that their allies were conquered, made no further efforts to hold the posts and the Forts at Mackinaw and Detroit were surrendered to the Americans. But the retiring garrisons, to show their revengeful feelings, locked the gates, broke all the windows in the barracks, and filled the wells with stones.

The Borderland was now in possession of the United States. What is now known as the State of Michigan was then a part of what was called the Northwest Territory, a large area of country which reached out to the north and west for a great distance. For a time the boundary lines of our state were unsettled but at last Michigan became a territory and William Hull was made its first Governor.

Although a treaty of peace had been made with the

Indians they were not inclined to be peaceable. They again became dissatisfied with the idea of giving up their land to the Americans and another confederacy of the tribes was formed, under the leadership of Tecumseh and his brother Elswatawa, who was called the prophet. While Tecumseh led the tribes on to war the prophet aroused them to a savage fury with his eloquence, as he pictured to them the wrongs they had suffered from the Americans. The savage brothers followed the plan of the great chief, Pontiac, which was to attack and destroy all the Borderland posts and drive their white enemies from the country. They sent messengers to the most distant tribes with presents and war belts to persuade them to join the confederacy.

While these preparations for a general uprising were going on, the Territory of Michigan was in a very unprotected condition. The interior of the country was but little known except by the fur traders and the Indians. The only permanent settlements were those scattered along the waterways, and the entire population of the whole territory was less than five thousand. At last the settlers became aroused to a sense of their danger and a petition signed by all the principal residents of Detroit was sent to General Washington, asking for military protection. Tecumseh had already gathered all his warriors and was ready for action.

A body of troops was soon raised by order of General Washington and was put under command of General Hull, the Governor of Michigan. With this force he marched from the Ohio river toward Detroit. While on this march he received the news, that the Americans had

declared war against England. This war is known in history as the War of 1812.

The army reached Detroit and crossed the river, landing at a point opposite Belle Isle, near the site of the present town of Walkerville. Although they expected to be attacked at any time, not an Indian was to be seen. They marched down the river shore, past the homes of the Canadian French, to a point opposite the Fort. The troops were greeted as friends by the inhabitants, handkerchiefs and flags waved a welcome from every house. A vacant, unfinished brick house, which belonged to Colonel Baby, became headquarters for the army. General Hull issued a proclamation to the people, promising them protection to life and property so long as they remained neutral, but he warned them that the war would become a war of extermination if they joined the English or the Indians. He said that any man caught fighting by the side of an Indian would not be taken a prisoner but would be put to death.

Here the troops remained for a whole month without action of any kind. They became impatient at the delay. They were expecting orders to march on Malden, where the British troops were stationed, but any mention of such a movement was met with a prompt refusal by General Hull. At last, when the troops were almost upon the point of rebelling, marching orders were received. The tents were struck and loaded on the wagons, but instead of moving down the road in the direction of the enemy, the wagons were driven to the landing and taken by the ferry boats across the river, and stationed on the commons north of the Fort. During the night the whole

army followed. This movement created much indignation among the soldiers and a universal feeling that General Hull had not only disgraced himself but also the whole army. This feeling grew stronger when it was learned that the enemy's forces had been reduced by desertion and were daily becoming weaker, so that they could have been easily put to flight had an attack been made.

The troops had now lost all confidence in their commander. A consultation was held, and it was decided to start a "Round Robin," which was a written document, signed by names in a circle, so as not to show who signed it first. This was addressed to the Colonels in the army, requesting the removal of General Hull, and the transfer of the command to the oldest officer, Colonel McArthur.

At eleven o'clock the next evening a boat approached the Fort from the Canadian side of the river, containing two men at the oars and two passengers. On being challenged by the sentry, one of the passengers gave the countersign. They went directly to the headquarters of General Hull and remained there three hours. They then returned to the boat and crossed over to the Canadian shore. Now this circumstance may seem rather unimportant as a historical fact but it resulted in one of the noted epochs in the history of Michigan. It was during this conference that Governor Hull planned the surrender of the Fort and garrison to the English. And in a very short time this was accomplished without a struggle or the firing of a gun. The stars and stripes were lowered and once more the English flag floated over the Fort. It was a disgraceful surrender and without a parallel.

Whether General Hull was a traitor or a coward has never been really decided.

The Borderland now became the scene of many bloody battles between the Americans and the English, with their hordes of savage allies. The settlers were kept in a constant state of terror and anxiety. The Indians committed all sorts of atrocities and tomahawks and scalping knives were in constant use.

At last a naval battle, known in history as Perry's Victory, was fought on Lake Erie. The English were defeated and a passage was opened for the American forces to cross the Lake. After the battle Perry's fleet was used to convey the American army into Canada, where the English troops were stationed. They marched into Malden and found it deserted. The Indians were furious at the action of the English commander, General Proctor, who had fled at the approach of the enemy. Tecumseh compared him to a fat cur sneaking off with his tail between his legs after making a great show of courage. To pacify them General Proctor agreed to make a stand at Moravian Town, on the River Thames, and await the threatened attack.

The American army followed the river shore until they reached Sandwich, nearly opposite Detroit. A detachment crossed the river at this place, and took possession of the Fort, which the English troops had hastily left the day before. At the same time General Harrison with a large force was pursuing the enemy through the Canadian forests. The smaller vessels of Perry's fleet sailed up the River Thames, where they found General Proctor all ready for the attack. The battle was very

brief. It lasted less than ten minutes. Nearly the whole force was captured. The few who escaped retreated at a high rate of speed with General Proctor in the lead. His brave ally, Chief Tecumseh, was shot and killed. Two years later a treaty of peace was made between England and the United States, and the War of 1812 was over.

General Cass took Governor Hull's place and became Governor of the Territory of Michigan. Although a delegate to Congress was elected it was several years before Michigan had any definite form of government. But at last the first Legislative Council met in the Council House in Detroit and listened to the Governor's first message. Seven years later Governor Cass was appointed Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Jackson. He retired from the office of Governor of Michigan after eighteen years' service. He had been appointed Governor six times under the three presidents, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams, and in all that time not a single vote was cast against him.

The second Governor of the Territory of Michigan was General George B. Porter. The territory prospered during his administration. New townships were organized, roads were constructed which opened up the wilderness to settlers. Banks and common schools were established and the first railroad was incorporated. This railroad was the one now known as the Michigan Central. The inhabitants now began to talk about becoming one of the United States. But before this was accomplished Governor Porter died. He was succeeded by the Secretary of the Treasury, Stevens T. Mason. A few months

later a constitution was framed and adopted by the people; a full set of State officers and a Legislature were elected to act under this constitution.

But although the machinery for a State government was now in full operation, the old question of Michigan's boundary lines still remained unsettled. Ohio claimed a large portion of the southern part of the State. Until this matter was decided Congress could take no action in regard to the admission of Michigan into the Union. A long and bitter struggle between the two states for possession of the disputed section followed. This struggle is known in history as the Toledo War. Although many battles were fought with fist and tongue very little blood was shed.

At last, upon the urgent advice of Congress, with a promise of a speedy admission into the Union, Michigan relinquished her claim to the land, receiving in turn that territory which is now known as the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. By this settlement, the boundary lines of Michigan were permanently established, and in 1837 the State was admitted into the Union.

GENERAL HULL'S SURRENDER
1805-1812

When Michigan became a territory, Detroit was the principal settlement. Although it had been incorporated as a town it was still a mere hamlet. There were but nine other settlements of any importance in the whole Territory. These were along the waterways, some on the Huron and Raisin rivers of Lake Erie, several on the

Ecorce, Rouge, Detroit and St. Clair rivers, and one on the Island of Mackinaw. The total population of the whole Territory was less than five thousand.

The first Governor was William Hull of Massachusetts. When he arrived in Detroit with his executive force, which consisted of a secretary and three judges, he found his new home nothing but a smoldering bed of ashes. The story he heard was a sad one. Early in the preceding month fire had broken out in the settlement and spread right and left until nothing remained but two small buildings on the edge of the town. Steps had been taken to rebuild a few of the small log houses, but most of the people were still living in tents.

The first duty of the new officials was to provide homes for the homeless. An act was passed to make the Governor and Judges a land board, with power to lay out a new town and convey a lot to every person over seventeen years of age who was a resident of the town at the time of the fire. The plan of the town resembled somewhat that of the National Capitol. It had its Campus Martius and its Grand Circus, and radiating from these central points, were broad avenues that reached out like the spokes of a wheel, into the forest. This plan, around which the great city of Detroit has grown, is still called the Governor and Judges' plan.

From the very beginning of Governor Hull's administration there was much misunderstanding and lack of harmony between him and his associates. The new Governor had fought in many battles of the Revolution and had also ably served his country in various ways with honor to himself. His past life had been spent among

congenial friends and associations. But now all was changed. The country was still in a rough, undeveloped state, and the people had assimilated with the conditions. He did not understand them any better than they understood him. He had come among them with high ideas of his own importance and his official position, while he lacked the necessary tact to make the rough characters of a backwoods settlement recognize his authority as their Governor.

At this time affairs between the United States and Great Britain were in a very unsettled state and war between the two countries was threatened. To add further to the Governor's troubles, the Indians were preparing for a general uprising of all the tribes from the boundaries of New York to the Mississippi. The chief promoters of this movement were Tecumseh, and his brother Elswatawa, the Prophet. The plan was similar to the noted Confederacy of Pontiac, in the earlier days. Presents and war belts were sent to all the tribes in the Lake region to induce them to join the league. Early in the summer a great council of all the tribes was held on the shore of Lake Superior. It was addressed by a noted chief, who told them that he brought a message from the first man whom the Great Spirit had created. This message professed to be in the language of the Great Spirit himself. It was in part as follows:

"I am the Father of the Spanish, the French and of the English, as well as of yourselves. I created the first man who was the common father of all these people. I have awakened him from his long sleep, that through him I may talk to you. But I did not make the Americans.

They are the children of the Evil Spirit. He caused a strong east wind to sweep over the waters of the Gitchee Gumee (Lake Superior) and it troubled the waters, and the froth was driven far into the woods. From this scum he made the Americans. They are not my children. I could not come myself and talk to you, because the world is changed from what it was. It is broken now, and leans down. Soon all the tribes that do not listen to me will fall off and die."

Tecumseh had gathered his warriors and was ready for action before any steps were taken by the general government for the protection of the frontier settlements. At last, by order of the President, a body of troops was collected in Ohio, and placed in command of General Hull. While on the march from Dayton towards Detroit dispatches were received from Washington announcing the declaration of war against England. On the 12th of July the army reached the Detroit river, which they crossed with the belief that they were to proceed to Malden, where the British forces were stationed. They landed at Sandwich, where they heard that Michilimack-i-nac had fallen into the hands of the English. They took possession of a large unfinished brick house with immense grounds belonging to a Frenchman, Colonel Baby, which they made their headquarters. From this place General Hull issued a long proclamation to the Canadians, promising protection to life and property so long as they remained neutral.

The troops were quartered here for four weeks, during which time very little was accomplished. Several small detachments pushed their way into the farming

regions and secured some provisions. Another party under command of General Lewis Cass took possession of a bridge on the road to Malden. The army was eager at this time to attack Malden, but General Hull opposed it, although it was the common opinion that the English would have made but a slight resistance.

On the evening of August 7 marching orders were given, tents were struck and loaded, and the wagon train was moving, but instead of going down the river in the direction of the enemy, it was driven to the landing and ferried across the river, and then stationed on the common north of the Fort. Further orders were issued during the night to break up the camp and the whole army recrossed the river to Detroit. This act aroused great indignation among the soldiers, who felt that General Hull had disgraced himself.

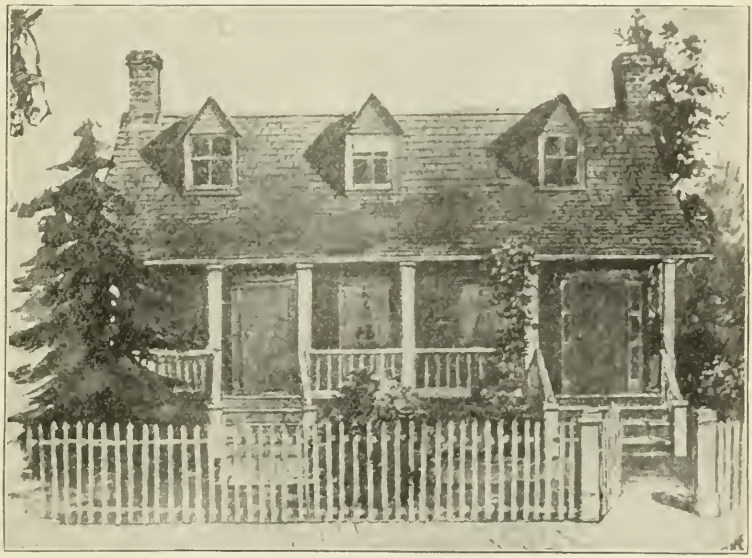
Soon after this General Brock, who had arrived at Sandwich with a force of British troops, sent a messenger to General Hull demanding the surrender of the Fort. This being refused, he opened fire, but with very little effect. He then crossed the river in plain sight of the Americans at the Fort, landing at Springwells without any opposition from General Hull, and renewed his demands for surrender. General Hull, without a word of protest, immediately agreed to the demand of the enemy, only stipulating that the troops be paroled and the people and their property be protected. General Cass was so indignant that he broke his sword over his knee rather than surrender it to the enemy.

And thus without a blow in its defense was the

American flag lowered, and with Detroit all Michigan again passed into the hands of the British.

LEWIS CASS

Lewis Cass was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1782. At the age of seventeen he crossed the Alleghany



OLD CASS HOUSE

mountains on foot with his father's family to seek a home in the Great West which was at that time almost an unexplored wilderness. They settled in Marietta, Ohio. The boy had already received a good education in an Eastern college and upon his arrival at his new home he entered a lawyer's office and began the study of law.

He was admitted to the bar in Zanesville, Ohio, before he was twenty years of age and two years later he was appointed prosecuting attorney of the county.

An early Detroiter, Solomon Sibley, tells us a little story about this young man who was destined to fill so important a place in the history of Michigan. Mr. Sibley was traveling through the wilderness on his way to Detroit. When he reached the Cass home he found the young pioneer and future statesman busily engaged in preparing a quantity of corn to make the johnny cake for supper. The nearest mill for grinding the corn was a long distance away, but the Indians had taught the pioneers how to make corn meal without the assistance of a mill. A large stump stood before his father's door. The top of this had been burned and hollowed out, in the same manner as the Indians hollowed their wooden canoes, thus forming a huge wooden bowl on a solid foundation. The corn had been placed in this bowl, and the lad was pounding it vigorously with a large hardwood mallet, to change it into a coarse corn meal. The typical pioneer hospitality prevailed in the Cass home. The latchstring of every home hung on the outside of the door, and everybody was welcome to food and lodging at any time. The hungry traveler was cordially invited to share the evening meal of venison stew, bear steak and johnny cake, and a comfortable bed called a "shakedown" was prepared for him on the floor by the chimney corner.

Lewis Cass was elected a member of the Ohio legislature when still a very young man, which position he held until he resigned and took up his sword in defense

of his country. At the beginning of the second war with England he enlisted in the American army at Dayton, Ohio, under General Hull, and was made Colonel of the Third Ohio Volunteers. Later he was promoted and became a Brigadier General. He helped to fight the battles of this war, which ended in General Hull's surrender of Detroit to the English.

In 1813 he was appointed Governor of the Territory of Michigan, which then included Wisconsin and Minnesota. He held this office for eighteen years. He was also Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Territory, which brought him in contact with all the Indian tribes in the whole Northwest region. He spent much time traveling among them, making treaties and establishing agencies. He displayed wonderful tact in his management of the Indians. Through kindness and honorable treatment he obtained from them valuable tracts of land which were necessary for the development of the country and the opening up of this vast region for peaceful settlement by the whites.

At this time there was not a road in all the Territory except the military road along the Detroit river. There were no steamboats and very few people. The population of the Territory was not more than six thousand, scattered over a long stretch of country and in a state of great destitution, owing to the calamities caused by the war. Families had been broken up, parents had been separated from their children, and children from each other; some had died on the battle fields and others had been massacred by the cruel savages. Food and all the necessaries of life were scarce and luxuries were un-

known. The Territory of Michigan was in this gloomy condition when General Cass became Governor. Civil government had to be established and laws made and practiced, before better conditions could be hoped for.

CANDLESTICK, DEMIJOHN, SMOKING SET AND POCKETBOOK BELONGING TO GENERAL LOUIS CASS

Through the wise and just management of Territorial affairs by Governor Cass during his long term of office conditions changed and the new country became prosperous.

In 1819 General Cass made an extended tour of the Lake Superior country for the purpose of learning more about the copper which the Indians had reported as being there in great abundance. He was accompanied by Henry

R. Schoolcraft and several other noted men of the times, besides a military escort, which consisted of ten United States soldiers. There were also ten Canadian voyageurs to manage the canoes and ten Indians to act as hunters. These Indians were under the management of two interpreters.

The party left Detroit on the 24th of May. The banks of the river were lined with people, who cheered the departing expedition with great enthusiasm. They reached Mackinaw on the 6th of June, having been detained several days on account of heavy storms. They were met with a salute from the guns of the Fort and all the inhabitants turned out to welcome them. They left the island on the 14th of June with an addition of twenty-two more soldiers to their party. In two days they arrived at Sault Ste. Marie, and camped for the night on the bank of the river.

This place was the seat of government of the Chippewas and had been occupied as a military and trading post for many years. As this section had already been granted by treaty to the whites, the United States claimed that part that had been assigned to the French. General Cass determined to hold a council for settling the boundaries of the grant and thus avoid any further dispute over the matter.

The next morning the council assembled in the marquee of the governor. The chiefs were all dressed in their finest costumes, decorated with a great profusion of feathers and a brilliant display of the medals which they had received from the British government. They entered the marquee in silence and seated themselves with

all the native dignity of their race. The calumet, or peace pipe, was passed from mouth to mouth, each one drawing one whiff until all in the circle had expressed their friendliness. When the ceremony was finished the council was begun, and its object was explained to them. They paid the strictest attention to the interpreter's speech, but it was evident to all that they were not pleased with it. They were opposed to giving up the land and denied any knowledge of former grants having been given to the French or English. There was much arguing and disputing among themselves. While some opposed giving up the land at all, others were willing provided no military garrison would be established there. But General Cass informed them that the establishment of a garrison at that place was already settled. He said:

"Just so surely as the sun will set to-night, just so surely will there be an American garrison sent to this place whether you give the grant or not."

The Indians were surprised and almost shocked at his words. While they admired his bravery, they resented his opposition to their plan. His decisive action at once brought matters to a crisis. The Indians now began to quarrel among themselves. Shingabowassin, the head chief of the band, tried to quiet them. Shingwauk, a savage warrior who had been on the warpath in 1814 and still hungered for the smell of battle, would listen to nothing but extreme measures. The last one who spoke was Sasaba, a tall, stately chief dressed in a British uniform, with epaulettes on his shoulders. During his speech he became wild and furious in his actions and when he had finished he struck his spear savagely

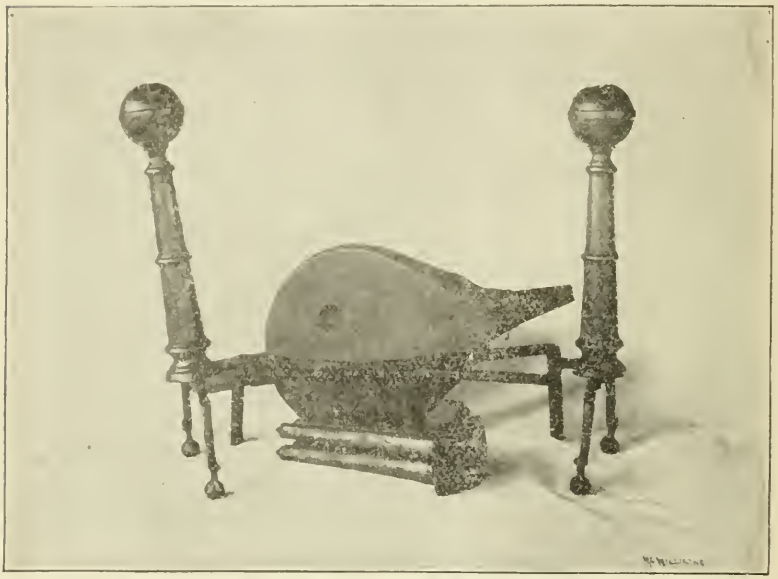
into the ground, drew it out again, and then left the marquee, kicking aside the presents that had been placed before him. The other Indians all followed him and the council came to a sudden end.

As soon as the Indians reached their camp, which was on a small hill a short distance from the Americans, they raised the British flag and began to indulge in taunts and insults aimed at their white neighbors. Matters had now arrived at a crisis, which could only be averted by great wisdom and courage. But General Cass was equal to the emergency and he immediately ordered the military to take up arms. Then, calling to his interpreter, he proceeded unarmed and alone to Sassaba's lodge. On reaching it, he tore down the British flag and trampled it under his feet. And then, in a loud voice, he warned the astonished braves that two flags of different nations could not fly over the same territory and that the red man must not raise any but the American flag; that if they again did so the United States would set a strong foot upon their necks and crush them to the earth. He then turned on his heel, and walked back to the marquee carrying the crumpled flag in his hand.

The Americans listened for the war whoop, but none was heard. The boldness and prompt action of General Cass overawed and subdued the Indians and before the day had passed the council was again convened and the treaty was signed by all the chiefs excepting the quarrelsome chief, Sassaba, whose conduct had so nearly resulted in a savage attack.

Having accomplished their object the party once more started on their journey. They launched their canoes

upon the waters of Lake Superior and when near Pictured Rocks they overtook a band of Chippewas who had camped for the night. These Indians, who proved to be friendly and hospitable, welcomed the travelers to their lodges and entertained them with songs and dancing. On



ANDIRONS, BELLOWS AND CANDLE-MOLDS USED IN THE OLD CASS HOMESTEAD—DETROIT

the 25th of June they left Lake Superior and started for home, which they reached in safety, after having traveled four thousand miles.

In the summer of 1821 General Cass started out in his birch-bark canoe for another long journey over stream and portage. There was still a tract of land within the

boundaries of Michigan that had not been added to the United States, and negotiations with the Indians were necessary to secure it. This time he followed a different route, his destination being Chicago. It was a long, roundabout journey. He left Detroit and went down to the mouth of the Maumee river. He went up that river for a distance, then across the country to the Wabash, and down that stream to the Ohio. He followed that river to its mouth, then up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Illinois and from there to Chicago.

In 1831 General Cass was appointed Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Jackson. He then retired from the office of Governor of Michigan, which he had filled for eighteen years. He had also served as Indian Commissioner during that time; had secured nineteen treaties with the Indians by which the whites had acquired large tracts of land. A few years later he was appointed United States Minister to France. During his busy life he served as a public official for fifty-six years. He died in Detroit June 17, 1866.

THE WALK-IN-THE-WATER.

The first steamboat that sailed over the waters of the Great Lakes was launched in 1818, near the spot where the Griffon was built. She was three hundred and twenty tons burden. She was named The Walk-in-the-Water, after the chief of the Wyandotte Indians. Her first trip from Buffalo to Detroit was made in the fall of 1818. She was forty-four hours in making the trip, which was

considered a wonderful event at that time. The Indians were very much surprised when they saw the "Big Canoe," as they called it, moving against the current without sails or paddles.

They gathered in groups along the shore, and expressed their astonishment by shouting again, and again, "Ta-i-yah, Nichee." They had been told that a "Big Canoe" would soon come from "the noisy waters of Niagara," which, by order of the Father of the Che-moke-mons (the Long Knives, or Yankees), would be drawn through the rivers and the lakes by the King of all the Fishes, the mammoth Sturgeon. They were satisfied that this was true when they saw the boat. Some of the ignorant French declared, when they saw her coming up the river, that it was an Evil Spirit spouting fire and smoke.

The following quaint notice appeared in a New York City paper about that time:

"The swift steamboat, Walk-in-the-Water, is intended to make a voyage early in the summer from Buffalo, on Lake Erie to Mackinaw on Lake Huron, for the conveyance of company. This ship has so near a resemblance to the famous Argonautic expedition in the heroic ages of Greece, that expectation is quite alive on the subject. Many of our most distinguished citizens are said to have already engaged their passage for the splendid adventure."

The Walk-in-the-Water made the round trip from Buffalo to Detroit regularly, once in two weeks, sometimes bringing a hundred or more passengers. In November, 1821, she was wrecked near Buffalo.

GABRIEL RICHARD
1798-1832

Gabriel Richard's name is prominent in the early history of Detroit, and the Borderland region. He came to Detroit in 1798. At that time the houses were few and scattered. The industries were chiefly fishing, hunting, and the cultivation of the narrow French farms. There was no steam, no gas, and no electricity. There were no great sailing vessels or steamships on the water. Only the birch-bark canoes, the bateaux, and the clumsy dugouts. All the houses faced the river, with the long line of dark forest for a background.

Within the village boundaries was a square of land set apart for a church and cemetery. On this square one church after another had been built, as the colony grew in numbers, each one larger than the last, and all bearing the name of Ste. Anne. The fifth Ste. Anne stood on this square when Gabriel Richard arrived, and here he began his work as priest and missionary.

His congregation was composed of the villagers, the habitans, whose farms bordered the river, and the Indians who camped near the village or journeyed in their canoes along the waterways. In summer the settlers came to church in their light calashes, or Norman carts, drawn by the little shaggy French ponies, and in winter, well wrapped in native furs, they came in their carioles.

Although Gabriel Richard was a priest and a missionary, his work did not end here. There was hardly anything necessary to promote the interests of the little village that he did not undertake. He built churches,

founded schools, set up the first printing press, preached, taught, and advised, and whatever he did, he did well.

There were no newspapers, no books, and no schools when he first came to Detroit. Parents who wished to educate their children were obliged to send them to Montreal, Quebec, or some of the other cities in the far East. This was a great undertaking. It was a long journey and the trip must be made in an open boat. History tells us the story of two boys who were sent in this way in charge of some Dutch traders. It was nearly a year before their father heard anything about them. He then learned that their education was not progressing as he had expected. They had played truant so often that their lessons had been neglected and they had mingled so freely with the children of the Dutch settlers that they had almost forgotten their own language.

The first schoolmaster in Detroit of whom we have any record was Jean Baptiste Rocoux. He came to the Borderland while the French were still in possession of the Fort, and taught the French children. Besides his duties as a schoolmaster he was also a tailor and made garments for the families of the French residents.

There were no free schools for many years. The scholar's tuition was paid direct to the teacher. If the parents were too poor to pay the child grew up in ignorance. As the most of the parents were poor and the tuition was high, only a small proportion of the children were fortunate enough to learn to read and write. Besides the tuition, there were the books, pens and ink, all of which were more or less expensive. All the pens were made of prime goose quills, and it was the teacher's duty

to shape these quills into pens and to re-point them when they wore out.

A little more than one hundred years ago Gabriel Richard founded the first free schools in Detroit. He first established a primary school for the younger children, and an academy for the higher education of young men. After these were well established, he decided to do something for the higher education of young women. There were no women teachers nearer than Montreal, but he overcame this difficulty in a novel manner. He selected four young ladies from the leading families of Detroit, to whom he gave lessons in teaching. The names of these young ladies, who were the first female teachers in Detroit, were Elizabeth Williams, Angelique Campau, Elizabeth Lyon and Monique Labadie.

The academy was opened under the management of these ladies, each of whom had a special department. It was conducted somewhat in the manner of our modern manual training schools. Besides the elementary branches the young women were taught how to work. They were instructed in cooking, sewing, knitting, spinning and weaving. There were several spinning wheels, both for wool and for flax, and looms for weaving. But this model school existed only for a short time. When everything was in a prosperous condition and the little village began to feel the effects of Gabriel Richard's enterprise a great calamity overtook them.

On the morning of June 11, 1805, the old town of Detroit was destroyed by fire. Nothing remained of all those happy homes but five small cabins on the outskirts of the village. Nothing of the church and schools except

one tall chimney. It was a great misfortune for the people and a heavy loss for Gabriel Richard. But he was a brave man and although he felt the loss very much, he was not easily discouraged. As soon as possible he began to build another church. This church was also called Ste. Anne and was located on Larned street, a short distance east of Woodward avenue. It was about this time that he became a member of Congress from the Territory of Michigan. His entire salary for the term was used in the construction of this church. The work was slow and tedious through lack of funds, but as soon as the basement was finished his people gathered there for religious services.

And now we come to a dark epoch in the history of the little village. Detroit was visited by an epidemic. The cholera was brought to the village in 1832 by the steamer Henry Clay. There were several hundred passengers, mostly soldiers, bound from Buffalo to Chicago, to take part in the Black Hawk war. By the time they reached Detroit river, there were thirteen cases of a mysterious sickness that no one understood. A part of the crew were permitted to land, and the boat was sent on to Fort Gratiot. But the disease spread so rapidly that she turned about and landed at Springwells, where the sick were taken ashore. From that time, cholera began raging in the village of Detroit. It spread among the inhabitants at a fearful rate. All business and pleasure were abandoned. Many became panic-stricken and fled to the forest to escape contagion. But even there they were stricken down and died where they fell.

The smoke from burning pitch and tar and the steam

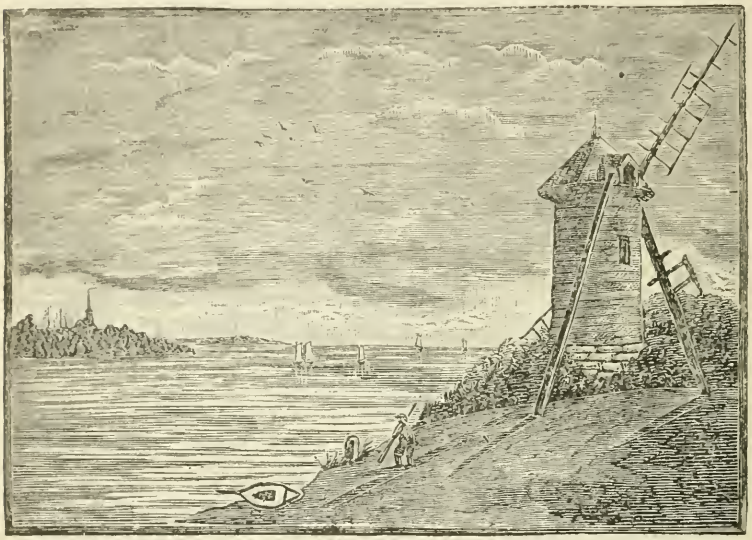
from dampened quick lime hung like a mist over the village streets. During all the terrible excitement Father Richard braved the greatest dangers, forgetting himself in his love and care for others. He hurried from house to house, denying himself food or sleep, encouraging the well and ministering to the sick and dying. At last, when utterly wearied from the terrible strain of overwork, he was seized with the dreadful disease, and the little village mourned the loss of its faithful friend and benefactor.

HABITANS

The first French settlers along the Borderland of Michigan were the hardy race of people who had emigrated from the provinces of Normandy and Brittany in France. They were mostly working men who had been sent out by the French government for the purpose of building posts and protecting the fur trade along the waterways. Their homes were located on both sides of the Detroit river, stretching along for a distance of about fifteen miles above and below the Fort. They were built of logs and stood very close together, like a continuous village, along the single street that followed the shore. The farms were very narrow, but reached out for a mile or more into the forest. Near each house was an orchard of apple and cherry trees and a group of tall French pear trees.

There is somewhat of a mystery in connection with the origin of these old pear trees, although it is supposed that the seeds of the young trees were brought from France by the earliest settlers. The trees were immense

in size, a hundred or more feet in height, with trunks from one to three feet thick. Every farmer had a grove of these trees, each of which produced from fifty to a hundred bushels of the luscious fruit. Although they were once so numerous and fruitful very few are now in



OLD FRENCH WINDMILL

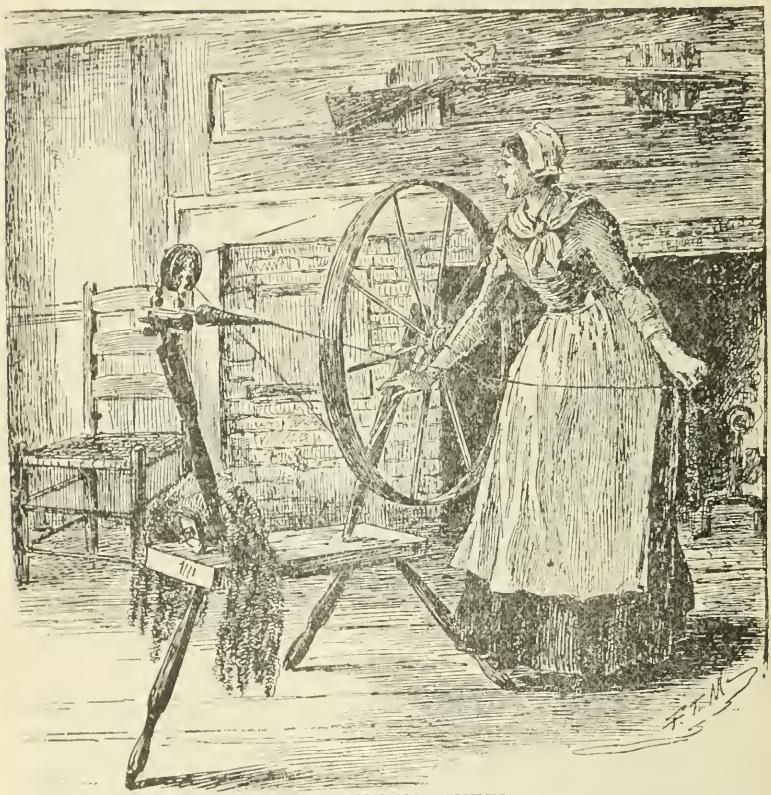
existence. Several years ago there was a grove of the trees still standing near the mouth of Lake St. Clair. There were twelve in all, eleven in a group, and one standing some distance away. They were called the twelve apostles, the single one bearing the name of Judas.

The habitans were very poor farmers. Their crop consisted of a few scattered patches of corn and wheat, rudely cultivated, and their vegetable gardens in front

of the houses. They ground their grain in the windmills that were scattered along the banks of the Detroit river and Lake St. Clair. The windmills were built of solid masonry, circular in form for the first nine or ten feet, above this was a frame work of timber filled in with stones and mortar. They were covered with cedar clapboards and surmounted with a conical shingled roof. They had four long, revolving arms, to which were fastened large sails. Although these windmills were used to grind their corn and wheat, the settler was not obliged to depend entirely upon them for his bread. If he lived too far away or did not wish to part with a portion of his grain in payment for the grinding, he could make his own flour and meal. It was only necessary for him to carve a hollow in the top of a hardwood stump and pound the grain with a stone. The wheat thus ground into flour was course and brown, but it made wholesome bread when baked in the flat iron bake kettle. The cornmeal, mixed with water, was made into a cake and baked on a board or a shovel before the wood fire in the stone fireplace. They carried this with them for a lunch when they went from home on a journey and they called it "journey cake." With the addition of some other ingredients besides the cornmeal and water, it is now called "johnny cake."

These French settlers or "habitans," as they were called, had few cares and enjoyed few luxuries, and yet they were happy. They almost worshipped their priest, who guided and taught them. He settled all their quarrels and disputes, and served as lawyer, judge and jury. The "habitans" were all engaged more or less in the fur trade. Some went to the hunting grounds with the In-

dians, while others sent their slaves to hunt for them. These slaves were Pawnee Indians who had been taken prisoners by the Indians of other tribes and sold to the whites.



OLD SPINNING WHEEL

The securing of their daily food was rather more of a pleasure than a task. The forests were alive with game, the marshes with wild fowl, and the waters with fish.

Their orchards supplied them with apples and pears, and they made wine from the wild grapes. Their recreations consisted in attending services in the rude chapels, in adorning the altars with wild flowers, in dancing at each others houses, in hunting and fishing, and in paddling in their light canoes to visit their neighbors. In their cottages the walls were adorned with rude pictures of the Madonna and favorite saints, and the cheap leaden crucifix, instead of one of silver.

While many of these habitans lived the peaceful life of the peasant in their comfortable cottages, there were others who had no permanent home. The "coureurs du bois," and many of the hunters and trappers belonged to this class. Their occupations forced them to mingle with the various Indian tribes. In time they broke loose from all the restraints of civilization and became as barbarous in their customs and costumes as the savages themselves. They married Indian women and lived in wigwams in the densest forests and along the waterways.

Their tanned and swarthy faces and barbarous costumes made them appear more like the natives than like their own countrymen. They imitated the customs and habits of their red associates. They decorated their long hair with eagle feathers and painted their faces with vermilion, ochre, and soot. They adorned their leather hunting frocks with horsehair fringe and lounged on bear and buffalo rugs, while their Indian wives cooked their game and filled and lighted their pipes. In hunting and in fishing or in taking a scalp they were as expert as their red brothers.

They were very superstitious. They believed that a

thunder cloud could be frightened away by whistling at it through the wing bone of an eagle. They carried the tail of a rattlesnake in their bullet pouch for luck and were guided by their dreams. They were an ignorant, happy, fun-loving people. Through their associations with both the English and the Indians they acquired a quaint dialect, which was universally spoken all along the Borderland.

MICHIGAN'S FIRST YELL

The French boys and girls of Old Detroit became quite familiar with the Indian language. Some of them learned to speak it so fluently that they were often called upon to act as interpreters between the red men and the white men. Some learned only the meaning of a few words, such as were used by both races in connection with certain signs by which they could understand each other. But they were all fond of grouping a string of the queer, gutteral, rythmic words together, regardless of their connection or meaning, and shouting the combination in concert as they romped and played in the village streets.

What the college yell is to the school boy of today the following combination of Indian words was to the French boy of Old Detroit more than one hundred years ago:

Kaw-win-
Nish-e-shin-
Nip-po-nin-
Nish-e-naw-ba-
Ko-ko-ke-naw-gun-

Quash-e-gun-
Ky-u-ken-e-saw-
Ke-mitch-e-mo-ke-mon-
Ko-koosh.

THE ST. CLAIR FLATS

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The waters from all the Great Lakes rush down the River St. Clair and are discharged into Lake St. Clair through the three broad channels that form the mouth of the river. Between these channels, which form the Delta and the head of the Lake, lie the St. Clair Flats, a region without a recorded history.

Just a stretch of water, and a stretch of sky,
Where white wings and clouds go scurrying by.
And over and under, there lies between,
A watery meadow, a stretch of green.

As far, and much farther than the eye can reach, a level panorama spreads out—a billowy sea of reeds and flags, lily pads, rushes and grass. A marsh, and yet not a marsh. There is no black muck, no green slime. Nothing but the clear pure water that ripples and sparkles over the clean, white, sandy bottom, the home of the frisky bass and the lazy muscallonge.

Radiating from the main channels are a countless number of waterways, both broad and narrow, reaching out towards every compass point. They cross, and angle, and parallel each other in so bewildering a confusion that none save the keen-eyed red hunter or fisherman can guide himself to the main channels.

Overhead, where the blue dome droops downward to the circling horizon, gorgeous hued waterfowl soar and hang motionless in the air. The mother mallard guides her callow brood where the luscious seaweed beckons, and the sarcastic loon shrieks in derision as he dives into the depths for his daily food. And adown the main channels in ghostly silence, the Indian gondola,

> That moves like a swan,
> With as graceful a curve,

the beautiful birchen canoe glides over the water, propelled by the slender cedar paddle in the muscular hands of the dusky savage. The silence of a new made world broods over the scene, save when the Indian hunter wages a mild warfare to satisfy his humble needs.

This was the St. Clair Flats one hundred years ago.

THE ST. CLAIR FLATS

TO-DAY

Where once the wild squaw's birch canoe,
  Mounted the foamy wave,
The gilded yacht glides swiftly on,
  And steamships smoke and rave.

And where the savage war cry rose
  Above the mangled dead,
And dusky forms in deadly grasp
  Trampled the lily bed.

The shapely launch, and polished shell,
Speed o'er the winding way;
And happy voices flood the air,
And children laugh and play.

And where the Indian fisher's torch,
Once flashed o'er reedy bed,
The fireflies flicker in and out,
Like ghosts of unshrived dead.

The black bird tilts on swaying reed,
And grooms his scarlet breast.
The marsh hen croons a ghostly song,
Above her floating nest.

The stately gull, with sweeping wings,
Brushes the silvered spray.
The swallow shrieks in mimic rage,
And ducklings dive and play.

And ever with the darkening day,
The reeds droop low in prayer,
And ever with the reddening dawn,
The sun greets Lake St. Clair.

HOW THE ARBUTUS CAME TO MICHIGAN

Long, long ago, before the world was all finished, a very old man lived alone in his lodge, which stood on the bank of a stream near the edge of a dark forest.

Outside snow and ice were everywhere, for it was winter. The spirit of the North Wind roamed through

the forest, searching every tree and bush for birds to chill, and chasing the evil Manitous over hill and dale.

Every day the old man went out through the forest hunting for wood to feed his fire, and although he was dressed in the warmest furs, he shivered with the cold. At last the snow became so deep that he could not find the wood and he was obliged to return to his lodge without it. He was cold and hungry, and in despair he threw himself down beside the few dull coals that were still smouldering and called aloud to Mauna-Boosha, the great and good Manitou, beseeching him to come to his rescue lest he perish.

At that moment the wind lifted the fur hangings at the door and there appeared before him a beautiful maiden. Her eyes were large and glowing, her cheeks were stained with wild roses, her hair was like the raven's plumage and so long that it touched the ground when she walked. Her hands were covered with willow buds, and on her head was a wreath of pale pink blossoms. Her breath was odorous as a morn in spring and when she breathed the air of the lodge became warm. Her robe was long and trailing, and was covered with sweet grasses and ferns, her moccasins were made of white lilies.

"Thou art welcome, my daughter," said the old man. "My lodge is cold, but it will shield thee from the storm. Come, tell me who thou art. I am a mighty manitou. I blow my breath, and the streams cease to flow. The running waters stand still."

"I breathe softly," replied the maiden, "and beautiful flowers spring up all over the prairies."

"I shake my locks," said the old man, "and the leaves run away like a flock of frightened birds and snow covers all the ground."

"I shake my curls," the maiden whispered softly, "and the warm rains fall from the clouds and drench the parched earth, the flowers lift up their heads, and the little bubbles splash over the growing streams like young plovers."

"When I walk about," continued the old man, "the leaves fall from the trees, and when I shout the tempest rides screaming on the wings of the North Wind. At my command, the animals hide in their holes and the birds fly away."

"When I walk about," the maiden responded, "the plants awaken and lift up their heads, the trees cover their nakedness with many leaves, the birds return to their nests, and all who see me sing for joy."

The old man made no further reply, his head drooped on his breast, and he slept. Then the sun came back, and a bluebird called:

"Sayee, Sayee, I am thirsty," and the river called back in reply:

"I am free! I am free, come and drink."

Then the maiden passed her hands above the old man's head and he grew small. A murmuring stream of water ran out of his mouth and his clothing turned to green leaves. Kneeling by his side she took from his bosom long sprays of odorous pink flowers and hid them among the leaves, she then breathed upon them, saying as she did so:

"I give thee all my virtues and my sweetest breath,

and all who would pluck thee must do so on bended knee."

She then moved away, leaving behind her an odorous pink trail, and wherever her moccasined feet left a print in the moist sod the trailing arbutus grows, and nowhere else.

MILITARY FORTS IN MICHIGAN

In the beginning of our State a Fort was a necessity, not alone as a protection from the warring tribes of red men, but as a proof of the right of the early settlers from both England and France to that particular locality which they claimed as their homes. The first Forts in Michigan were called trading posts. They were occupied by the fur traders, when transacting their business with the hunters and trappers, both red and white. Later some of them were enlarged and strengthened and became military Forts and were occupied by the regular troops. The military Forts along the Borderland were all built after the same plan. An early writer describes one in this manner. He says:

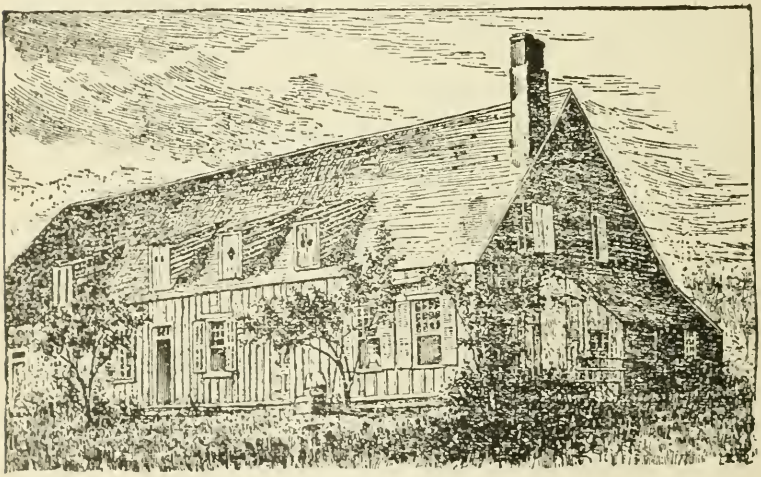
"A Fort consisted of cabins, block houses and stockades. A row of cabins, separated from each other by partitions of logs, formed one side of the Fort. The other three sides of the enclosure were protected by a strong palisade. The block houses were built at the angles of the Fort. They projected about two feet beyond the outer walls of the cabins and the palisades. They were two stories in height, the upper story projecting beyond the lower one, thus leaving an opening through which they could guard the walls from the attacks of the savages."

The French were very anxious to secure control of the

Borderland and the fur trade of the Northwest. To accomplish this it became necessary to establish a Fort on the Detroit river, where they could prevent the English from trading with the tribes of the Lake region. A trading post and rude Fort had been erected at Mackinaw about 1671.

FORT ST. JOSEPH.

In June, 1686, M. Duluth, who was in command at Mackinaw, received orders to establish a Fort on the Detroit of Lake Erie. But he made a mistake in the loca-



OLD MISSION HOUSE

tion. Instead of placing his Fort on the Detroit river, as he had been ordered, he built it on the St. Clair river at the mouth of Lake Huron, near what was later Fort Gratiot. It was first called Fort Duluth and then Fort

St. Joseph. It was only occupied about two years when it was abandoned and burned.

The most northern point of the lower peninsula and the island near it were given their names by the Indians long before the white men knew anything about the place. The name comes from the Indian word, Mish-i-maik-in-nac, which means the Great Turtle. Both the island and the main land when seen from a distance on the water resemble a turtle in shape.

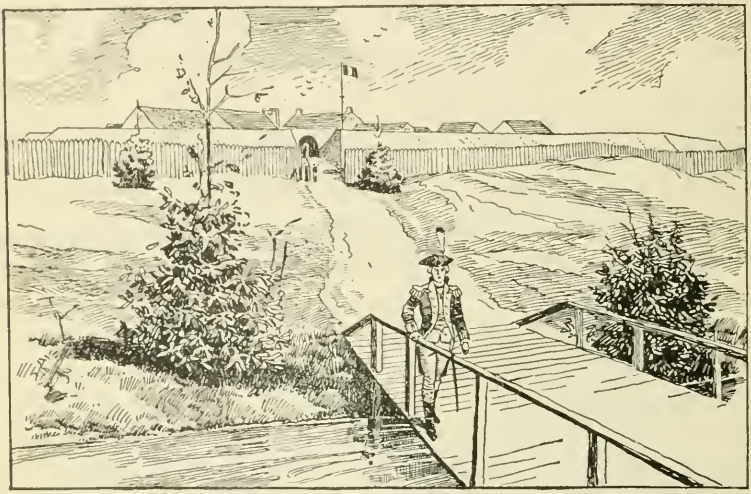
Mackinaw was one of the earliest settled places in Michigan. Before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth traders from Quebec were in this region buying furs from the Indians. There was the little mission house, the busy trading post, and later the rude Fort that stood near the water.

The French established the first military Fort, which they called Michili-mack-i-nac, on the southern shore of the northern peninsula, where St. Ignace now stands. It was afterward moved to the most northern point of the southern peninsula, where Mackinaw City now stands.

After the dreadful massacre the English removed the Fort to Mackinaw Island, where it remained as a military post until a few years ago, when the troops were removed, the old Fort dismantled, the old cannon removed from the walls, and the site was given to the State of Michigan for a park.

Detroit has been the site of four different Forts, under six different names. The first one was built by Cadillac in 1701. It was called Fort Ponchartrain, in honor of Count Ponchartrain, the French colonial minister. It was located on a high bank, south of Jefferson

avenue and west of Griswold street. It was a rude affair, but it served its purpose, which was to protect the early Detroiters from the attacks of the savages. It was surrounded by a fence ten feet high, made of sharp pointed logs, driven into the ground as closely together as pos-



FORT PONTCHARTRAIN

sible. This Fort was set on fire by the Indians in 1703, and partially destroyed. It was rebuilt by M. de Tonti, in 1718, who made it one of the strongest Forts in the country at that time. In 1749 it became necessary to enlarge it to make room for the homes of a large party of emigrants, who arrived from France. In 1751 more troops were sent to protect the Borderland and the name of the Fort was changed to Fort Detroit.

The struggle between the French and the English for possession of the Borderland region was long and

stubborn. But at last the deciding battle between the forces of Montcalm and Wolfe was fought and Quebec, the stronghold of the French, was captured. In 1760 Fort Detroit, together with the whole Northwest, was surrendered by France to the English.

The Fleur-de-lis, on the French flag, that had waved over the Fort for sixty years, was lowered, and the Red Cross of St. George arose in its place. Under the English rule many improvements were made in the old Fort. New barracks for the officers and soldiers were built, the bastions were strengthened and the palisades were made twenty feet high. To guard against the treachery of the Indians new rules were made and strictly enforced. The gates were opened at sunrise, and closed at sunset. When the Indians entered the Fort all their arms were taken from them at the gate and returned to them when they passed out.

Later the stockade around this Fort was again enlarged and four gates were built on each side, with block houses projecting over each one, excepting those on the south side that faced the river. The stockade at that time included that part of our city which is now bounded by Larned, Griswold, and Cass streets. On the river front the bank was high and steep, with a level stretch of ground between it and the water's edge about forty or fifty feet wide.

While the war of the American Revolution was in progress a large body of English troops was stationed at Detroit under command of Major Lernoult. When the commandant heard of the continued success of the Americans and of their advancement toward the Border-

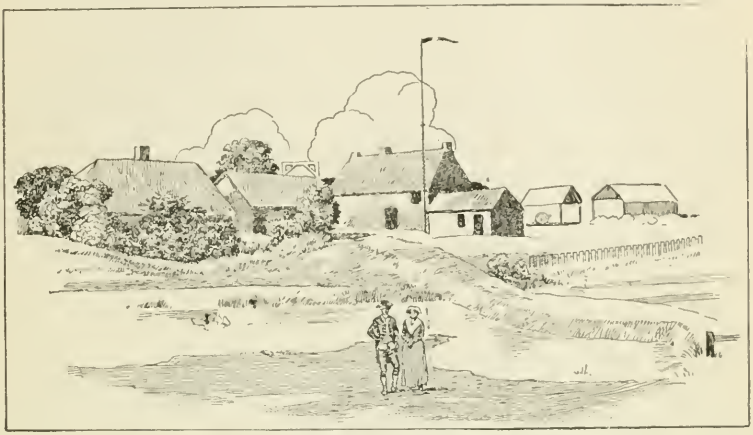
land he began to make preparations for their reception. Although the old Fort had been improved and strengthened, he felt the necessity of something still better to resist the attacks of the victorious Americans, if they should venture as far north as Detroit.

As nothing more could be done with the old Fort, he decided to build a new one. The site which he selected was on the "second terrace," as it was called, which was a hill some distance north of the old Fort. The new structure was very much larger and stronger than the old one. It was surrounded by earth embankments which were made with a foundation of trees piled four feet high, with their sharpened trunks projecting outward. Above these trees was a row of sharpened stakes, which projected at an angle of forty-five degrees, and overtopping all of this was an earth embankment eleven feet high. Outside of this embankment was a ditch, twelve feet wide and six feet deep. Along the center of the ditch was a row of cedar pickets, sharp pointed at the end, which rose above the surface of the water.

The new Fort was called Fort Lernoult, in honor of the commanding officer, Major Lernoult. It occupied what is now four city squares. It was bounded on the north by Lafayette street, on the east by Griswold street, on the south by Congress street and on the west by Wayne street.

When the new Fort was completed the old Fort was destroyed. The little river Savoyard ran between the village and the new Fort and was crossed by a rustic bridge. The village was enclosed and connected with the Fort by a palisade. They were also connected by a long under-

ground passage, through which the villagers often fled to the Fort for protection, when attacked by the Indians. About half way down this passage, and a little to one



FORT LERNOULT.

side, was the powder magazine. Outside of the enclosure, north of the Fort, was a tract of land that was used for a parade ground, a garden, and a burial place for the soldiers.

After peace was declared between the Americans and the English a treaty of peace was signed, by which all of the military Forts along the Borderland were transferred to the Americans. The English flag was lowered, the Stars and Stripes were raised, and floated for the first time over Detroit. For thirty-six years the Fort bore the name of Lernoult, and then it was changed. After the war of 1812, between the English and the Americans, it was called Fort Shelby, in honor of Governor Shelby of Kentucky. It bore this name for fifteen years. In 1826

Fort Shelby was abandoned as a military post and was given to the city of Detroit by Congress. In 1827 the stockade was removed and the Fort demolished.

In the early part of the last century the Indians were very troublesome. They made frequent attacks upon the settlements, killing and carrying away cattle, hogs and sheep and stealing horses. To protect the stock belonging to the inhabitants of Detroit, which was pastured on the commons outside of the stockade, a small Fort was erected. It was located near what is now the northeast corner of Park and High streets. It was at first called Fort Croghan, and later Fort Nonsense. It was in circular form, and about forty feet in diameter. It consisted of an earth embankment, ten feet high and two feet wide on the top, and was surrounded by a ditch. The soldiers stationed at Fort Shelby used it as a target, so as to be able to drive out the Indians should they attempt to take possession of it. In later years, after the Indians became more peaceable, the boys of old Detroit took possession of it as a play Fort. They would elect two leaders, and then choose sides, thus forming two armies of equal strength. And then they would fight for possession of the Fort. Many a mimic, bloodless battle has been fought on this historic spot. It was from this fact that the Fort was sometimes called Fort Nonsense.

In 1830 the United States government erected a military post, which was called Detroit Barracks. It fronted on Gratiot street, near Russell street. For nearly twenty-five years it was occupied by troops most of the time. There was no regular military fort at Detroit at this time, Fort Shelby having been abandoned in 1826.

The Fort located at Detroit at the present time was called Fort Wayne, in honor of General Anthony Wayne. It was begun in 1843, and completed in 1851. It has a fine location on the north bank of the Detroit river, at its narrowest part, and gives a view for a long distance up and down the river. Fort Wayne is one of the most important military posts in our country at the present time.

In 1765 General Sinclair, an Irish officer in the British army, built a little military Fort and trading post where now is located the city of St. Clair. Fort Sinclair stood on a rise of ground on the south side of Pine river, near its mouth. The ruins of the Fort were plainly visible as late as 1831. A chimney twenty feet high was still standing, and an apple orchard, planted by the soldiers, the trunks of the trees being more than a foot in diameter, was still bearing large quantities of fruit. It was a regular fortification, consisting of earthworks, a stockade, and a rally post, with mounted artillery, quite equal to any of the posts of the times. Commandant Sinclair occupied it for about seventeen years.

In 1807, soon after General Hull became Governor of Michigan, the St. Clair river was guarded by a military post. A small blockhouse was built just south of what is now Marine City. This was the headquarters for the troops that were scattered along the river from Lake Huron to Lake St. Clair.

Fort Gratiot was built in 1814, and occupied by troops from Maine, in command of General Gratiot. It was located on the north shore of the St. Clair river, near the mouth of Lake Huron. In 1822 the post was abandoned, and a Presbyterian mission school was opened, which

continued for one year. Here the French and Indian children were taught to read and write. They had no books or pencils. They used a box of sand for a slate. Each pupil was provided with a sharpened stick, with which they formed the letters in the sand, from copies placed on the wall. In 1828 troops were again sent to occupy the Fort and it was rebuilt. In 1832 General Scott garrisoned the Fort with troops and a number of West Point students. Soon after this the cholera broke out and nearly all the students died of it. In 1852 the old garrison buildings were torn down and the grounds are now covered by railroad tracks and a village.

SETTLEMENT AND DEVELOPMENT

IRON ORE

It was because of a quarrel, known in history as the Toledo War, that the Upper Peninsula became a part of Michigan. There was a dispute about the boundary line between Michigan and Ohio. Michigan claimed as her southern boundary, a line running across the peninsula, from the southern point of Lake Michigan to Lake Erie, while Ohio claimed a line a few miles farther north, which would add to their state a strip of land about five miles in width at the west end, widening to eight miles at the east end. This included the harbor on the Maumee river where the city of Toledo now stands.

Three new states, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, had been admitted into the Union, and now, in 1834, the population of Michigan had reached a point which entitled her to become a state. A convention was held, when a constitution was adopted, and a Legislature and a full set of state officers were elected, with Steven T. Mason as Governor of the new State.

But when all these essential preliminaries had been arranged and the report had been sent to Congress, they

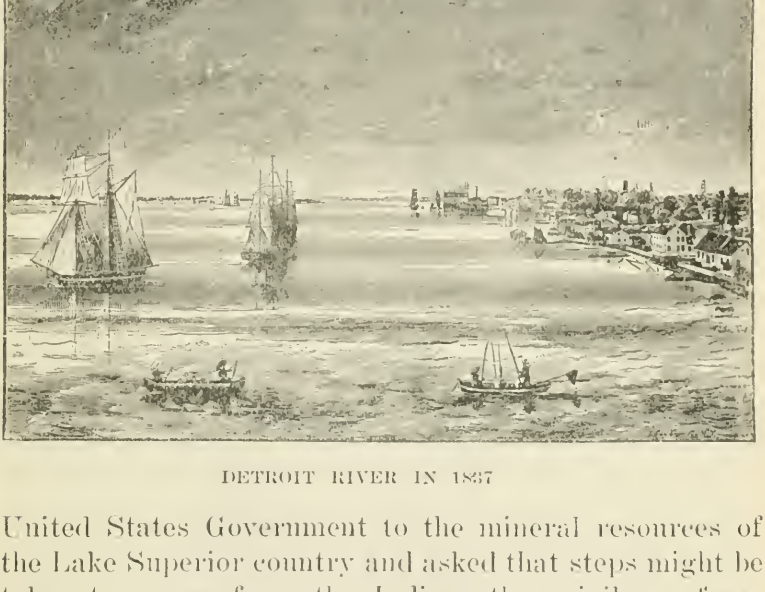
were told that they could not become a State until the question of the boundary lines had been settled. This settlement proved to be a difficult matter. Both States claimed the strip of land and neither would consent to give it up. All sorts of legal points were argued to prove that each claimant was entitled to it. The struggle for possession was long and bitter. War was threatened. Each State had a large force of militia and eager volunteers, ready to do battle if necessary. These troops were called out on several occasions, but fortunately no blood was shed.

At last Congress became aroused, and the President decided that some action must be taken to settle the matter without delay. In June, 1836, Congress passed an act by which Michigan would be admitted into the Union as a State, on condition that she give up her claim to the strip of land, and receive in its place what is now known as the Upper Peninsula.

When the people of Michigan were told the conditions of the settlement they were very indignant. They had no use for the Upper Peninsula. They had heard rumors of the beds of copper and other minerals in that region, but they regarded these stories as fairy tales. They believed that Congress had given them a very poor bargain. It was a cold, barren waste, far beyond the boundaries of civilization, too mountainous for cultivation, and of no value for any purpose. That they were thoroughly mistaken in their opinions has been satisfactorily proven by later events.

The existence of iron in the Upper Peninsula was not generally known until about the middle of the last cen-

tury. Some of the Indians knew about it and they told the early fur traders. In this way it reached the ears of General Cass. In 1824, while he was Governor of the Territory of Michigan, he called the attention of the



DETROIT RIVER IN 1837

United States Government to the mineral resources of the Lake Superior country and asked that steps might be taken to secure from the Indians the privilege of exploring and mining in that region. His request was granted, and a commissioner was appointed to treat with the Indians for that purpose. But here the matter ended and for a time the iron ore beds were forgotten.

In 1844, while a party of United States surveyors were engaged in surveying the Lake Superior country, they found iron ore in great abundance. They made a

record of their discoveries in their reports and marked the outcroppings on their maps, and there the matter ended. Not one of them laid any claim to the great underground beds of wealth over which they tramped, while they dragged their chains and planted their stakes.

In the spring of 1845 the reports of the existence of copper and silver had induced a party of men from Jackson, Michigan, to visit the Lake Superior country, and investigate the matter. When they arrived at the Sault they were told by an Indian guide whom they had employed of the discoveries of iron ore made by the surveyors. The following extract from a letter written by Mr. Everett, the leader of the Jackson party, tells us of their trip to the ore beds. He says:

"I took four men with me from Jackson and hired a guide at the Sault, where I bought a boat and coasted up the Lake to Copper Harbor, which is three hundred miles from the Sault. There are no white men on Lake Superior except those who go there for mining purposes. We incurred many dangers and hardships. We made several locations, one of which we called Iron. It is a mountain of solid iron ore, one hundred and fifty feet high. The ore looks as bright as a bar of iron just broken. Our location is one mile square. Our company is called the Jackson Mining Company."

This was the first company organized for the purpose of mining and developing the iron ore in the Lake Superior country. In the summer of 1847, the Jackson Company built a forge on Carp river, about three miles from the mine, and in February, 1848, the first iron ever made in the Upper Peninsula was made in this forge.

The daily output was about six tons of what was called bloom iron, each piece being four inches square and two feet long. This was drawn daily to Marquette, a distance of ten miles, over roads which were in a terrible condition. Such was the first experience in making and transporting the first manufactured iron in the Upper Peninsula.

In March, 1849, the Marquette Iron Company was organized under somewhat better conditions than its predecessor. This company was under the management of Mr. Graveraet, a resident of Mackinaw. His crew of workmen consisted of nine men and a boy. The boy was Peter White. The journey from Mackinaw to the Sault was made in one of the little Lake steamers, and from there to their destination in a Mackinaw barge. After eight days spent in slowly working their way along the rocky shore, by sailing and paddling, they reached Indian Town, now called Marquette. Here they were met by Charley Bawgum, a famous Chippewa Indian, who invited them to his wigwam and treated them to a fine game supper. The tramp to the mines was long and tedious. The country was all a dense wilderness, rough and rocky, with only a blazed tree here and there to mark the trail.

It was at this place that Peter White cleared the brush and stripped the covering from the beds of hidden wealth, thus starting the history of one of the greatest industries in the world. The first ore taken from the mines was hauled to the forge at the Lake shore in 1850. Here it was manufactured into bloom iron ready for shipment. This was an expensive undertaking. The expense of manufacturing the iron, and the freight charges to the

mills in the eastern states, brought the actual cost of the iron to more than double the regular market rate. As yet no one had thought of shipping the ore to the manufacturing centers.

As the business increased there was a demand for better transportation facilities. To satisfy this demand a plank road was built from the mines to the lake. Although this was a great improvement on the earlier methods, the moving of the ore was still a tedious and expensive matter. It could only be hauled in winter on sleighs. The average load was a ton, and only about fifteen tons could be hauled in a day.

When navigation opened in the spring of 1854, there were one thousand tons of ore on the dock at Marquette, waiting for shipment to the eastern market. This was before the canal at the Sault was built, and the moving of this ore was a great undertaking. It was first wheeled aboard the small Lake steamers and taken to the Sault, where it was unloaded and carried over the portage, and then wheeled aboard the lower Lake vessels, and carried to its destination. This was the method by which the Upper Peninsula ore was handled half a century ago, when the country was new.

In 1855, the plank road became a strap railroad, with flat bottom cars drawn by mules. There are many sad tales told about these poor mules. The grades were very steep, and the cars often ran away or jumped the track when going down hill. Of course the driver could jump off the load into the sand at the side of the track and escape injury, but the mules were not so fortunate. When the loaded cars overtook them they were either thrown

off the track and seriously injured or crushed to death under the wheels. This was a rather expensive business as the mules were worth from a thousand to fourteen hundred dollars a pair.

The strap railroad did not prove a success. The fast increasing business required something better, and Peter White was sent to Lansing as a Legislator to see what could be done about it. In September, 1857, a steam railroad was finished to the mines and the first locomotive in the Upper Peninsula was brought from the East and placed upon it.

From that day to the present time there has been a steady advance along all lines connected with the mining and making of iron. New mines have been discovered and operated in various parts of the Peninsula. Railroads have been built to handle the ore. Cities and towns have grown among the rocks and hills to provide homes for the masses of people who are making a new country and developing its resources. The shipping has grown from the little fleets of schooner ore carriers and toy steamers to an astonishing magnitude. Of such dimensions are the ore carriers of the present day that Uncle Sam is forced to wage a perpetual war upon the channels and shallows along the chain of great lakes and rivers, that they may have a sufficient width and depth of water to safely carry their great cargoes of ore from the mining regions to the manufacturing centers.

Peter White wrote the bill of lading of the first shipment of ore from the Upper Peninsula, billed from Marquette to Detroit, consisting of six barrels. The average load of a modern freighter is ten thousand tons.

COPPER

When and by whom copper was first discovered is a mystery. It is believed that some pre-historic race of people that once inhabited the Borderland region knew of its existence in the Lake Superior country. They lived and died long before America was discovered. The red men who were here before the white men came had no knowledge of them and there was no mention of them in their legends or folk lore.

But these people of mystery have left a brief, incomplete story of their existence in the underground copper beds of Northern Michigan. In the partially developed mines that have been discovered there were great masses of copper, supported by wooden props that showed the marks of great age. Stone hammers, wedges and other tools lay scattered about. There were also found in the vicinity, axes, knives, spear heads, beads, and other ornaments, besides cooking utensils, all made from the native copper.

Where the earth had been thrown out of these mines, trees had grown and decayed, and fallen, and other trees had grown above them, which had rings marks on them that proved they were centuries old.

The visitor to Isle Royale may still find hundreds of deep pits scattered about in the pine woods. These are partially filled with forest rubbish, which conceals the rude ladders and stone tools of the ancient miners and the refuse and marks of the fires which they built to soften the ore before they broke it from the veins.

The copper articles of their manufacture became dis-

tributed all over the Northwest, in some instances many hundred miles from the copper region. This would indicate that their roving habits, and possibly their methods of trading with each other, were somewhat similar to those of the American natives of a later period.

The Borderland Indians knew about the copper beds on the south shore of Lake Superior and on Isle Royale, and it was from them that the early missionaries first heard about it. One early writer mentions a large mass near the shore of the Lake, and says that the Indians who passed that way cut pieces from it weighing sometimes from ten to twenty pounds. They looked upon it with a superstitious awe and would not talk to the whites about it. They believed that certain powerful manitous who lived in the ore veins would punish them if they told the pale faces where the underground spirits lived.

Some of the tribes claimed that the copper from which their weapons and utensils were manufactured was on a floating island which was driven about the Lake by the wind. Possibly this story originated with the tribes who held the secret of the true location of the copper mines.

As early as 1636, a little book was written by one of the first French explorers, and was published in Paris. In this the author speaks of the existence of copper in the fresh water seas. Another early writer refers to a great island, fifty leagues in circumference, where there was a beautiful copper mine. He describes a large boulder of copper weighing nearly half a ton. The Indians built fires around it, and when it was softened, they cut off pieces with their stone axes.

In 1771, a company was organized in England under

the management of the celebrated English trader, Alexander Henry, to develop the resources of that region and especially the copper beds. Among the stockholders was the King of England, and several of the prominent English nobles. But notwithstanding the royalty and wealth of titles among the stockholders, and the adventurous spirit of their leader, the venture proved unsuccessful. Although this region is richer in the actual value of its minerals than any other part of the world, it was not until three-quarters of a century later that any attempt was made to develop it.

THE DISCOVERY OF COPPER

A Legend

An Indian legend tells the story of the discovery of copper in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

Four hunters landed on an island near the north shore of Lake Superior. They were cold and hungry, having paddled a long distance on the water. Their only cooking utensils were made of birch bark. Wishing to boil their food, they filled these bark baskets with water. They then gathered some of the stones that were scattered along the shore, heated them red hot and dropped them into the water. Much to their surprise they found that these stones were lumps of pure copper.

After they had finished their meal they hastened away from the island. They were afraid of the lynxes and hares, which on this particular island were very large and very bold, and would have devoured all their pro-

visions, and possibly their canoes, if they had remained.

Each hunter carried away one of the wonderful stones. They had gone but a short distance when a deep voice as loud as thunder sounded in their ears:

"Who are these thieves that steal the toys of my children?"

They fell on their faces in the bottom of the canoe and trembled with fear. They believed that they had heard the voice of the "god of the waters," or some other powerful manitou. Overcome with terror, they threw the stones back on the shore and swiftly paddled away. Three of the men died in the canoe from fright and the fourth lived only long enough to tell the story.

The island, so the legend tells us, had no foundation, but floated on the surface of the water. After this happened, no Indian ever dared to land on its shores, fearing the wrath of the great Manitou.

THE ETERNAL FIRE

The first explorers who visited the Great Northwest found that the central point of Indian influence and intelligence was on the southern shore of Lake Superior, far toward the western extremity. Here was situated the village of Che-goi-me-gon, the ancient Chippewa capital. This village was the headquarters of all the great chiefs of the olden times. It was here that Mudje-Kewis, the chief ruler of all the tribes, lived. And it was here that the Eternal Fire was kept up and never allowed to go out. It was preserved with great care and many ceremonies. The Indians believed that if it were allowed to go out,

some great calamity would befall them and they would become extinct as a nation.

Two hundred years ago the fire was still burning. General Cass tells us that at that time all the ceremonies attending the preservation of the fire were still practiced and that it was still burning when the French first appeared among them. There were male and female guardians, to whose care it was committed, and who watched it faithfully night and day.

It is not at all surprising that the Indians attached so much importance to the preservation of the fire when we remember what it meant to them. They firmly believed that with the extinction of the fire they would cease to exist as a nation. This prophecy has proved true. The fire is extinct and their power has departed from them.

PERE MARQUETTE

James Marquette was born in France in the year 1637. At an early age he became a priest, and after several years spent in studying and teaching in his native country he sailed for Canada to become a missionary in the new world, arriving there September 20th, 1666. Two years later he was sent to Sault Ste. Marie. With a party of Indians as guides and canoe men, he followed the Ottawa river route to Georgian Bay, and then crossed the head of Lake Huron to the Sault. The party landed on what is now the American side of the Sault Ste. Marie river, at a point frequented by the Chippewa Indians. At that time the southern shore of Lake Superior was the central point of Indian influence. Here was located the

Chippewa tribes, the most influential and intelligent of all the tribes in the great Northwest. It is supposed that the French fur traders visited these Indians before the missionaries found them. This must have been very early in the seventeenth century. From the earliest records it is learned that two missionaries established a mission for the Chippewas at this point as early as 1641, and now, twenty-seven years later, Father Marquette set about to restore it. This was in 1688.

He erected the first church in what is now the State of Michigan, and planted the first garden in the Northwest. He built his little cabin at the foot of the Rapids and thus started the first permanent settlement in the State of Michigan.

Father Marquette was welcomed by the Chippewas, and to this day his name is revered by the descendents of those who welcomed him. But his adventurous spirit was not content with one mission. During his ministry of seven years he founded many others along the Borderland and visited them at regular intervals, making the trips in his bark canoe.

He established one mission at a point on the north shore of the Straits of Mackinaw, which he called Ste. Ignace. Here he built a little chapel with sides of logs and roof of bark. While he was building it he lived on the Island of Mackinaw.

From here he went to La Pointe d'Esprit, where he established another mission. A party of Illinois Indians arrived while he was there. They brought news of a great river that flowed southward. They had followed it on their trip north for thirty days. They told him of

great nations that lived in the south. Their canoes were made of wood, instead of bark, and they raised an abundance of corn.

When Marquette heard these remarkable stories, he became anxious to explore this great river and visit the nations that lived along its shores. Three years later he received permission from his superiors in Canada to establish a mission among the Illini, or the Illinois Indians. In 1672, Joliet with four companions arrived at Ste. Ignace, to accompany him on the expedition. Marquette was much pleased with the prospect of an opportunity to broaden his work among the Indians. The winter was spent in preparations for the journey. On May seventeenth, of the following year, Marquette and Joliet, and five Indian companions, with two canoes and a small store of smoked meat, started on their long journey.

They followed the north shore of Lake Michigan, and entered Green Bay. When they went into camp on the bank of the Menominee river, the Indians tried to persuade them to go no farther. They said the banks of the Mississippi were inhabited by a ferocious tribe and that all strangers were tomahawked without provocation. They also said that there was a demon in a certain part of the river, whose roar could be heard at a great distance and that the water was full of frightful monsters which would devour them and their canoes.

But Marquette was not influenced by their tales. He reached the head of Green Bay, entered Fox river, crossed Lake Winnebago, and followed the upper Fox to the Portage. From this point the canoes were carried a mile and launched into the Wisconsin river. From

here they floated and paddled a hundred miles until they reached the object of their search, the great river of which they had heard such wonderful tales.

They followed this for seven days without seeing a human being. On the eighth day they discovered footprints on the bank that led up to an Indian village near what is now Keokuk, Iowa. They followed the river for a month, meeting with various adventures with the different tribes, some welcoming and some threatening, until they reached the mouth of the Arkansas river. On the return trip they entered the Illinois river, where they met the Illinois tribe of Indians who were very friendly to them. One of the chiefs with a party of braves escorted them to Lake Michigan, leaving them at the place where Chicago is now located. From this point the remainder of the journey was made along the shore of Lake Michigan to Green Bay.

Marquette tells a very interesting story of the Illinois Indians as he found them in their village in 1673. They met the missionaries with a friendly welcome. They first presented the pipes, or calumets, to smoke, and then conducted the party to their village, where all the tribe was waiting to greet them. The village consisted of about three hundred lodges, and never before had one of the savages seen a white man. They gazed at the visitors in astonishment, while they were being conducted among the lodges that all might have a good view of them. They were given many presents of belts, garters, and other articles, made of the hair of wild animals, dyed red and yellow and blue. The visitors remained in the village one night, when they again started on their journey.

promising to return in four moons. They were escorted to their canoes by all of the inhabitants.

Marquette says of these people: "The Illinis are a superior tribe of Indians. They look down on all other tribes. They are mild, sensible, and intelligent. They have wives whom they watch carefully, and cut off their noses and ears when they do not behave well. I saw several who had been punished in this way. The Indians are well built and nimble, and are skillful in the use of the bow and arrow. They have no knowledge of the white man and have no implements excepting stone knives. They have not yet learned the use of copper and iron. When the Illinis go to war, a loud cry is made at the door of each hut in the village the morning and evening before the warriors set out. The chiefs are distinguished from the soldiers by a scarf made of the hair of bears and wild oxen. The face is painted red and yellow with the red lead and ochre, which is found in large quantities near the village. They live on game, which is abundant in this country, and on Indian corn. They also raise beans, melons, and squashes, which they dry in the summer sun to eat in the winter and spring. Their cabins are very large and are lined and floored with rush mats. They make all their dishes of wood, and their spoons of the bones of the buffalo. Their clothing is made of the skins of wild animals. They pay great respect to the calumet, or peace pipe. It seems to be the god of peace as well as of war, and carries the verdict of life or of death. The Illinis gave me one as a safeguard among the different tribes I would pass on my voyage."

The following year Marquette again journeyed south-

ward, to establish a mission among the Illinois Indians. He reached the mouth of the Illinois river, where Chicago now stands, when his health failed and he was obliged to remain in camp through the long winter, suffering much with cold and hunger.

Early in the spring he reached his destination, established his mission, and began immediately to teach the Indians. But he was already so feeble from the hardships of the winter, that he was soon forced to give up his work. Realizing that his days were numbered he again started northward. His strongest hope was that he might reach his beloved mission at Ste. Ignace before death came.

He was accompanied by two of his Indian friends, who tenderly cared for him with sorrowing hearts, as they paddled the canoe along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan. He grew so weak that he had to be lifted from the canoe each night, and carried to the camp.

One night they arrived at a wild and lonely spot, where the shore arose in a long low promontory, which was called Sleeping Bear by the Indians. Marquette pointed to the high elevation at the mouth of the river and told his friends that he wished to die there. This spot was not far from the place where the city of Ludington is now located. They carried him ashore, built a small hut of bark in which they kindled a fire, and made him as comfortable as was possible. On the eighteenth of May, 1675, at the age of thirty-eight years, after nine years of faithful work among the Indians, Father Marquette died. His friends buried him on the elevation, and raised a rude cross over his grave to mark the spot

Two years later a party of Ottawa Indians from Ste. Ignace visited the place. They opened the grave and according to a custom of their tribe they dissected the body, washed the bones and dried them in the sun. They were then packed in a box made of birch bark and taken to Ste. Ignace, where they were placed in the vault beneath the little mission chapel.

Many years passed and the mission was abandoned and the church was burned. In time the location was forgotten altogether and Marquette's burial place was unknown. Nearly one hundred years ago Gabriel Richard and many others searched for the ruins of the old mission church, but in vain.

Sixty years later, the old foundation walls of the church were found, with the vault in the center. In the vault was the birch bark box, containing the bones of Father Marquette. They were taken to Milwaukee, and placed in the Marquette college in that city for preservation.

In 1897, two hundred and twenty-one years after Marquette's death, the city which bears his name unveiled a fine bronze statue which had been erected to his memory. It stands on a natural rock pedestal, overlooking the Gitchee Gumee of his devoted followers. The Indians who are still living in the Lake Superior region claim that this spot was the actual camping place of Marquette, when on his voyage along the Lake shore.

When the sod, and accumulations of rubbish were being removed from the rock to prepare it for the statue a deep crevice was discovered on the top. In this were several pieces of copper which evidently had been placed

STATUE OF MARQUETTE, MARQUETTE, MICH.

there ages ago. As there are no beds of copper in that region, it is believed that Marquette placed them there himself, with the intention of removing them on some future occasion. If this is a fact, he either forgot them or did not visit the place again.

THE LEGEND OF THE SLEEPING BEAR

Wien-da-goo-ish, an old Borderland chief, tells us this story of the Sleeping Bear.

Many years ago, before the great forests of Michigan and Wisconsin had been invaded by the white men, the wild animals of the forests were possessed of souls and the Medicine men of the tribes were able to talk with them. Once upon a time a huge she-bear with her two cubs was compelled to desert the shores of Wisconsin and take to the waters of the great lake, Mich-i-ga-mee, to escape the fires that were raging in the wilderness. The heat was so intense that the mother bear concluded not to return to the Wisconsin shore, but struck out boldly for the banks of Michigan.

When nearly across the lake the two cubs sank from exhaustion and were drowned. The mother bear swam about the spot for hours, but her cubs never arose to the surface again. At last she became so weary that she was compelled to seek the shore; on reaching it she climbed a steep bluff and lay down to sleep and rest.

That bluff has always been called Sleeping Bear Point. Ever since the poor bear climbed it and went to sleep her spirit has remained on the bluff. And away to the north, where her two cubs disappeared from her

sight, two beautiful islands, which the Indians called Spirit Islands, gradually arose to the surface. These are now known as the North and South Manitou Islands. The spirits of the cubs are supposed to live on these islands while the mother bear keeps a constant and loving watch over the homes of her loved ones. Here they must remain until time is no more, when they will be allowed to enter the happy hunting grounds in the Indian heaven, not as victims of the spirit huntsmen, but as guardians of the Indians who love them.

The chief says that on stormy nights, when the winds howl and the waters roar, the spirit of the mother moans and cries on the great sand bluff, in anxiety for the fate of her young, as she listens to the treacherous waves that caused their death, beating upon the shores of the island homes.

SAULT STE. MARIE BEFORE THE CANAL

There is no record of a time when there were no Indians at the Sault. When Nicollet visited the place in 1634 he found an Indian village, and ever since then certain tribes have made their homes in the vicinity. This region has always been a favorite resort for the red men because of the abundance of fish the whole year through. The waters of the Rapids are too busy to freeze, and as fish was the staple food of the Indians during the winter they were content to remain here instead of wandering from place to place as many of the other tribes did.

In 1641 an Indian mission was established, and called Ste. Marie. It is interesting to trace the origin of a

name. In this case the word Sault, meaning leap, as the leaping of the waters, or the Rapids, added to the name of the Indian mission, gives us Sault Ste. Marie, the Leap of Ste. Marie.

The first white settlement in Michigan is dated 1668, when Marquette established his mission at the Sault. This gives to Sault Ste. Marie the honor of being the oldest town in Michigan and thirty years older than Detroit. In 1750 the French established a military post at this place, to protect the fur trade, by preventing the English from dealing with the Indian hunters and trappers.

After the surrender of Canada to the English the French left the place and in 1762 only the Fort and four houses remained. From that time until 1796 there was a mixed population of French and Indians. An early writer tells us that it was a favorite resort for the Indians and fur traders on their way from the forests of Lake Superior to Mackinaw. A goldsmith resided there who made bracelets for the Indians, and candlesticks and crosses for the use of the church, from the pure copper which was found in the vicinity. This same writer also gives the following account of an Indian burial at the Sault, which he witnessed. The dead Indian was wrapped in a new blanket and outside of this was another wrapping of white birch bark. An old Indian chief delivered the funeral oration, speaking directly to the dead man. He told him that his friends were all around him, and would soon follow him, and then he gave him many directions and much advice as to his conduct while on his journey to the happy hunting grounds, warning him of

the dangers along the trail. He then bade him adieu. The dead man's brother now came forward, removed the head dress and pulled out some locks of his brother's hair. The head dress was then replaced, the wrappings fastened with hemp cord, and the body was lowered into the grave. A large log was now placed across the open grave, which served as a bridge, and the dead man's brother, taking the widow by the hand led her across it. This completed the burial ceremonies and the grave was then filled.

One of the most prominent characters in the early history of the Sault, was John Johnson. He emigrated from Ireland to America in 1792 and soon after his arrival joined a trading party bound for Lake Superior. Here, while engaged in the fur business, he met the beautiful daughter of Waub-o-jeeg, the chief of the Chippewas, whom he made his wife. He built a house on the bank of the river which was an elegant one for the period. It was long and low in design, and was built of logs. It was surrounded by an old fashioned garden. Here he lived with his Indian wife, and his family of sons and daughters, to whom he gave a fine education. They were sent east where they attended the best schools in the country. In 1807 Johnson with his daughter Jane visited his old home in Ireland; later they traveled through Europe for the purpose of finishing her education. After a long stay abroad, he returned to the Sault, where his daughter became the wife of Henry Schoolcraft, the historian and author, upon whose Indian legends Longfellow founded his poem of Hiawatha.

The principal business at the Sault in these early

days was the fur trade. To further this, and make the passage of the heavily laden bateaux down the Sault river easier than by portage, became a matter of importance to the fur dealers. In 1797 the Hudson Bay Company built a rude lock on the Canadian side of the Rapids. This lock was built of dressed timber and lasted for sixteen years; it was then destroyed by the United States troops from Mackinaw, together with every building in the vicinity, including the fine home of Mr. Johnson.

In 1820 General Cass with a party of sixty-six men went up from Detroit to the Sault to establish a trading post. The British flag was still flying although Mackinaw had been in possession of the United States for some time. General Cass pulled the flag down with his own hands and obtained permission from the Indians to build a Fort. At that time there were forty Chippewa lodges and two hundred white inhabitants at the Sault. It is claimed that it was only through the great influence which Mrs. Johnson had over the Indians that General Cass was given permission to build his Fort.

Later the United States government recognized this fact, and ceded to her, her children, and her grandchildren, large tracts of land, some of it on Sugar Island, a few miles below the Sault.

After the death of Mr. Johnson, his Indian wife turned again to the customs of her own people. She engaged extensively in the manufacture of maple sugar. She went with the Indians on their hunting and fishing trips, and became their guide and adviser on all occa-

sions, and in all important matters. She died at the Sault in 1849.

In 1837 Michigan became a State, and Dr. Houghton was appointed State Geologist. When he made his first reports of the discovery of copper in the Upper Peninsula, there was great excitement throughout all the country. Prospectors and adventurers, men of leisure and men who labored, began to arrive at the Lake Superior ports in great numbers. They found in the Sault village a curiously mixed population. There were about two hundred inhabitants of several nationalities, speaking several languages and dialects, and besides these there were the wigwams and lodges scattered about, singly and in little groups, where the Indians lived their simple lives. In the winter they hunted and fished, and cut the forest trees into cord wood to supply the inhabitants with fuel. In the early spring they left their homes and went into the maple forests to make maple sugar. In the summer they raised corn for their own use, as also to supply the hunters and trappers and others engaged in the fur trade. They also cut and cured wild hay for the few cattle that were at the Sault at that early date, and to make beds in their winter lodges. In the fall they smoked and dried large quantities of fish for their supply of food in winter when the storms raged and prevented their fishing in the Rapids. Sometimes, when the weather was not too cold, they caught the white fish and trout by spearing them through holes in the ice.

In 1845, the only boat that came to the Sault was the steamer Detroit. She made only one trip each week between the Sault and Detroit. In 1846, other vessels were

put on the route; they brought so many passengers that they could not be accommodated at the two small hotels in the village. They were obliged to go into camp near the foot of the Rapids, where they found much to interest them in watching the Indians and half breeds in their birch bark canoes catching white fish in their scoop nets.

The social features of the little village at that time consisted principally of dances held in the homes of the half breeds, the music furnished on an old broken down violin by an old French fiddler, who was the only musician in the place.

This was Sault Ste. Marie before the canal was built.

LAKE SUPERIOR BOATS

BEFORE THE CANAL

When the white men first visited Lake Superior the only boats that navigated the waters were the birch bark canoes of the red men. These, and the larger bateaux were also used later by the voyageurs and the hunters and trappers and all who were engaged in the fur trade. At last the business increased to such an extent that larger boats were necessary to carry it on.

In the early part of the last century there were three great fur companies that were engaged in the business in that region. These were the American, the Northwest, and the Hudson Bay Companies, and the first boats on Lake Superior were those in the employ of these companies. They were all small schooners, ranging in tonnage from twenty to one hundred tons, and were all built on the shore of Lake Superior. There were five of them, called the Otter, Mink, Invincible, Discovery, and Re-

covery. For six years after these boats went out of existence the bark canoes were again the only boats on Lake Superior.

In 1835 another boat was placed in the employ of the Fur Companies. It was called the John Jacob Astor. It was built above the Rapids and was somewhat larger than those in the first fleet. This was followed by the William Brewster, built at the same place for the American Fur Company of Detroit.

In 1839 the schooner Algonquin was hauled over the portage at the Sault and launched into the waters of Lake Superior. She made her first voyage in 1840. In 1856 she was sunk. The Honorable Peter White tells us that her hull is in the bulrushes, near Duluth, at the present time. In 1893 it was proposed to raise her and send her to the World's Fair in Chicago, but for some reason this was not done.

There is an interesting story of another of these pioneer schooners, the Sis-co-wit. At this time the city of Marquette was very new and on the extreme boundary of civilization. It was in the latter part of November. Winter was approaching, navigation would soon be closed by the ice in the lakes, and Marquette would be shut off from vessel communication with the outside world. The Sis-co-wit on her last voyage of the season was engaged to carry a cargo of corn and oats from the Sault to Marquette. But for reasons known only to himself, the Captain sailed past his destination, straight on to Baraga, where he stripped his boat and laid her up for the winter, cargo and all.

The good people of Marquette were aroused to a fierce

indignation. They would not calmly submit to the outrage. The excitement arose to a high pitch, and at last ended in the starting out of two brave, strong men, on snow shoes, over the snow covered country to bring the boat with her precious cargo back to Marquette. They arrived safely at Baraga, took forcible possession of the vessel, refitted her for the voyage and sailed away on Christmas Eve, arriving at Marquette on Christmas day, with the cargo of corn and oats, and the mercury fifteen degrees below zero.

In 1845, several vessels were taken over the Sault portage. Among them was the schooner Merchant. In 1847, Peter White was at the Sault and very anxious to take passage on the Merchant for the copper country. But fortunately for the lad and also for the later welfare of the Upper Peninsula, the boat was already overloaded with passengers and there was no room for him. The boat never reached her destination. She sprang a leak, and sank with all on board.

The first steamer on Lake Superior was the Independence, of two hundred and fifty tons burthen. She was taken over the portage in 1845. Although she was full rigged like a sailing vessel and had a powerful steam engine, she was always in trouble. Neither wind nor steam, nor both combined could manage her when she became stubborn. In 1849, when she had made but one trip, she went ashore at Eagle Harbor and stayed there for a whole year. When she was again afloat she met with another accident that ended her career. When but a mile out from the Sault on a trip to the Northern ports, her boiler exploded and her wreck was scattered

over the water. There were other boats, schooners and steamers, that reached the Great Lake over the portage. There was the Julia Palmer, a sidewheel steamer that was in service only one year, and the propeller Napoleon that sailed into Marquette on her first voyage and landed her passengers and cargo four miles from the dock, on account of the imaginary danger of foundering on the sunken rocks in the harbor.

The steamer Manhattan was larger and finer than any that had yet appeared on the Lake. She was in service from 1850 to 1858, when she was wrecked on the shore near Pictured Rocks. She was very popular as a passenger boat. In 1851 the propeller Monticello arrived for the purpose of forcing her out of business. There was a fierce competition between the two boats for the patronage of the traveling public, each striving to secure the passengers and freight at the lowest rates possible.

At last the feeling between the managers of the two boats arose to such a pitch that each became determined to destroy the other, regardless of consequences in loss of life and property. This recklessness ended in a collision between them and the Manhattan was sunk. Fortunately no lives were lost. But she did not remain long at the bottom of the Lake. In six weeks she had been raised, rebuilt, and was again in service, as good as ever. She met with a fine reception upon her appearance once more at Marquette. A party of young ladies dressed in white, carrying flowers, met the Captain on the dock. They presented him with a fine American flag and sang a song of welcome which had been composed for the occasion. The Monticello never recov-

ered from the effects of the collision. Soon after it occurred she sprang a leak in a gale and was wrecked on the rocks.

The next steamer was the two-piped, upper-cabined, side-wheel steamer, Baltimore. She was followed by the propeller Peninsula, which was taken over the portage in 1852. She was launched in the spring of 1853 and wrecked the same year at Eagle river. During the same year Captain Eber B. Ward brought the steamer Sam Ward over the portage, which ended the tedious passage of vessels in this way. In 1855 the canal was completed and a waterway provided for all boats for all time.

THE FIRST CANAL.

Michigan became a State in January, 1837, with Stevens T. Mason as its first Governor. In his first message to the Legislature he offered a resolution for the building of a canal at Sault Ste. Marie, which was acted upon favorably, and twenty-five thousand dollars appropriated for the survey of the channel. In 1838 the State of Michigan entered into a contract with a Buffalo firm to build the canal.

So far the State had acted without the consent or support of the National Government, which was not in favor of the canal and only waited for an opportunity to check the work. The route as marked by the surveyors passed through a military reservation. This offered an excuse for the United States authorities to interfere, and under orders from Washington a detachment of soldiers from the Fort marched to the place and drove the con-

tractors away. This ended the first attempt to build a canal.

But the State of Michigan would not give up the project without a struggle. An appeal was made to Congress, protesting against any interference on the part of the United States government. A bill was also introduced in Congress to grant a tract of land to help in the building of the canal, but this bill was not passed.

In 1843 another attempt was made to secure the aid of Congress in the matter. It is evident that the learned men at Washington were not familiar with the geography of Michigan. So great a man as Henry Clay opposed the building of the canal, "because," he said, "it meant a great work at a great expense, for which there was no necessity. The location was beyond the remotest settlements of the United States, and the building of a canal would be as useless as to build a canal on the face of the moon."

Other appeals were made to Congress without success until the discovery of the great ore beds in the Lake Superior country aroused public interest; then people began to travel northward in search of fortunes. Not until this time did Congress begin to realize the importance of the State of Michigan and the necessity of a canal for the passage of boats into Lake Superior. Without further opposition a tract of land was granted to the State of Michigan to aid in building the canal, and ten years allowed for its completion.

The story of the Sault Ste. Marie canal furnishes a brilliant example to the young men of our country of what hard work and perseverance can accomplish.

Charles T. Harvey, a young man in the employ of an Eastern manufacturing concern, was an invalid. He had been sent by his employers to the Lake Superior region for his health and also to learn all that was possible about the resources and possibilities of development in the new mining regions. When the news reached the Sault that Congress had granted seven hundred and fifty thousand acres of land to the State of Michigan to aid in building the canal, Harvey wrote to his employers asking permission to engage in the work. His request was granted. He was given full permission to act for his employers in the undertaking and authorized to draw on them for the necessary expenses.

His first step was to organize a surveying party. While the survey was being made he started out in search of a stone quarry that would furnish suitable stone for the locks. He found one on Drummond's Island. The building of the Sault Ste. Marie canal was a great undertaking if we consider the existing conditions at that time and in that locality. Everything was new. The people were a mixed population of whites, Indians and half-breeds. The surrounding country was an undeveloped wilderness. The nearest machine shops and foundries were several hundred miles away; the nearest telegraph station from which they could be reached was at Detroit, four hundred and fifty miles distant. All of the powder necessary for the blasting of the rocks must be brought from the far Eastern states, and it took six weeks or more for a letter to go there and the reply to return. As there were not enough laboring men in that region to build the canal, agents were sent to the Eastern sea-

ports to meet the incoming ships from foreign lands and hire the immigrants. They then took them in gangs to the Sault, paid their fare and expenses, and set them to work as soon as they arrived.

Harvey lost no time in beginning the work. He went to Detroit, where he purchased horses, tools and necessary supplies, lumber and provisions, and, with the four hundred immigrants who had just arrived, he loaded the steamer Illinois to the guards and started for the Sault, where he arrived June 1, 1853.

As soon as the boat touched the dock the horses were hitched to the wagons, upon which the lumber was already loaded, and driven to the site of the canal. In forty-eight hours small, rough houses were ready for their tenants and meals were being served.

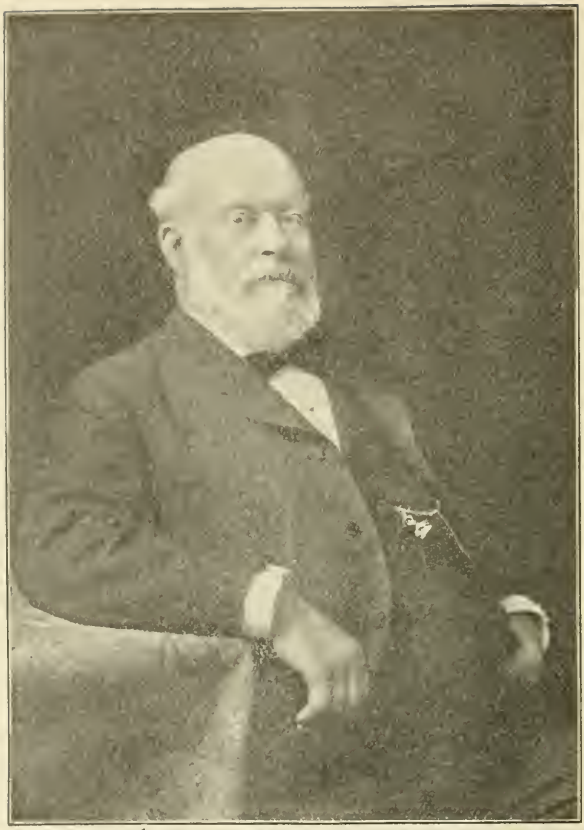
On June 4, the third day after landing, the workmen, in gangs, each in charge of a foreman, were marched to the site of the canal, where Harvey with his own hands broke the ground and wheeled away the first load of earth from what was to prove one of the greatest waterways of the century.

From this time the work progressed in a wonderful manner. The difficulties that arose at times seemed almost unsurmountable, but all things yielded to the brave, undaunted spirit of the young leader. The winter days were very short and very cold, much colder, it is claimed, than they are at the present time. There was great danger of faces and ears being bitten by the frost and their owners unfitted for work. To prevent this and keep every man at his work, men were stationed at intervals along the whole mile stretch of two thousand

laborers, and whenever a pair of ears or a nose began to stiffen and show signs of a frost bite the owner was seized by one of the watchmen and the chilled member was rubbed vigorously with snow. This was done that no man might be obliged to leave his place, and thus delay even in this slight degree the completion of the work.

In 1854 an epidemic of cholera broke out and about one-tenth of the workmen died with the disease. This was a difficulty which required much tact to overcome. If the real conditions had been known there would have been a panic among the laborers and work on the canal would have been delayed. To prevent this a knowledge of the real nature of the disease was kept from the workmen. The sick were cared for in rude hospitals which were placed at some distance from the canal. The dead were removed from these hospitals and buried secretly at night. Owing to these precautions the terrible decrease in their numbers was not generally known and the work progressed day after day as if nothing like a pestilence was among them.

When Congress granted the tract of land to aid in the building of the Sault Ste. Marie canal, the State of Michigan was allowed three years to make preparations to begin the work, and ten years for its completion. Under the vigorous management of Charles T. Harvey the work was completed in less than two years. On April 19, 1855, Mr. Harvey opened the gate and let the waters of Lake Superior flow into the canal. The first boats to pass through were the steamer Illinois, bound up, and the steamer Baltimore, bound down.



Yours truly

Paul White

PETER WHITE

Peter White was born in Rome, Oneida County, New York. His grandfather and his grandmother were citizens of the same place. An interesting story is recorded of the patriotism of his grandparents and the part they took in the making of the first American flag. The story is as follows:

On June 14, 1777, the American Congress, then in session at Philadelphia, adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white. That the union be thirteen stars, woven in a blue field representing a new constellation."

There was no bunting or other material for the making of flags at that time, no gauzy webs of red, white and blue, the adopted colors of the new nation. But a flag must be made and a substitute for the necessary colors must be provided. There was an officer's overcoat for the blue, a soldier's cotton shirt for the white, but nothing for the red until Captain Stephen White appropriated one of his wife's woolen petticoats, when the flag was soon completed and unfurled over Fort Schuyler, a military post on the site of the present city of Rome, the birthplace of Peter White.

Very early in his life his parents removed to Green

Bay, Wisconsin. At the age of fifteen he left home and started out on his eventful career, through which he has become known as the founder as well as the maker of the city of Marquette, and has also earned the title of "The Grand Old Man of the Upper Peninsula."

He first went to Mackinaw, where he heard many wonderful tales of the old copper mines further north, and he determined to visit the region as soon as possible. But, although he made several attempts, all his plans proved unsuccessful.

We must remember that there was no canal at Sault Ste. Marie at that time and very few boats of any kind. In order to enter the waters of Lake Superior it was necessary to haul the boat over the portage or draw her up against the swiftly flowing waters of the steep rapids. In either case this was a formidable and sometimes a dangerous undertaking. When Peter White asked for the privilege of working his passage on one of these boats which was bound for the copper country he was refused, as the boat had already a full crew and an overload of passengers. This was a fortunate circumstance for the lad, for the boat sank with all on board before she reached her destination.

Later he became a sailor on the schooner Beta Hubbard, which made regular trips at that time between Detroit and the Sault. While on one of these trips the schooner was wrecked near Thunder Bay Island. The crew managed to reach the Island, and from there they were taken to Bay City by the steamer Chicago. Just as they were leaving this place to return to Detroit on another boat Peter fell and broke his arm. As there was

no physician in that region at the time he was obliged to submit to the services of a woman who acted as nurse in the little village.

When he arrived in Detroit his arm was in a terrible condition. He was taken to the office of Doctor Cobb, who immediately decided that amputation was necessary. As was customary at that time, a number of the city physicians were invited to witness the operation. They entered the room and exchanged greetings with the operating surgeon, who was arranging his instruments, but none of them paid any attention to the suffering lad, who lay stretched out, securely strapped in the operating chair, watching the horrible preparations.

While they were arranging their chairs in front of the silent victim, the old-time famous Detroit physician, Doctor Pitcher, entered the room. He did not sit down, but went directly to the patient and examined the arm. After a brief consultation with Doctor Cobb he proposed that the operation be delayed for a few days. He then took charge of the case and gave the lad a course of treatment that resulted in saving his arm, and, although it was carried in a sling for four months, at the end of that time it was a good arm.

In 1849 Peter White joined a party of prospectors, who were on their way to the Upper Peninsula to locate and develop the iron ore mines. At the time he started on this expedition he was eighteen years of age. His first work in the new country consisted in clearing the brush and removing the sod that covered that particular part of the underground beds of iron ore, where he was located. This was the first step in the development of

one of the greatest industries in the world. The uncovering of the iron ore led to the mining and shipping of the same. This led to a demand for boats to carry the ore to the Eastern manufacturing centers, where it became iron and steel. As the output has increased the boats have grown larger, while the manufactured products of the great beds of iron ore are now exported to all parts of the world. But Peter White could not foresee all that was to follow the lifting of that first sod.

He did his work and he did it well, without a thought that he was beginning a new history of a new country, in which he was to figure as the principal character. He wrote his name on the title page of his own home region by cutting the first tree in the clearing that grew wider and wider, to make room for the city of Marquette. He appears to have been a pioneer in several other movements. He was one of the builders of the first hotel in Marquette. He drove the first horse that was owned in Marquette and was a proud lad when this task was assigned him. Soon after the horse arrived a team of oxen and a cow were purchased by the company.

"Peter, can you drive these oxen?" he was asked.

Now, although Peter knew nothing about driving oxen, he was too clever to confess it, but as he did know that he was willing to make the attempt, he replied rather hesitatingly:

"I believe I can, sir," and without further questioning the team was placed in his charge.

He had seen oxen driven and he had heard the drivers speak to them in a language which they understood, although he did not. He took the team some distance

away from the camp, out of sight and hearing of any of the party, and began to experiment with the words which he had heard the drivers use. He first shouted at the top of his voice "Whoa." The oxen stopped immediately. Peter had learned the meaning of one word in oxen language. He then shouted "Haw." The oxen turned to the left. Then "Gee," and they turned to the right. He had learned his lesson, and was now an expert oxen driver, and when he returned to the camp, proudly shouting "Haw," and "Gee," and "Whoa" no one imagined that this was his first experience.

Later in the summer a large party of immigrants arrived to work as laborers in the mines. Many of them were ill with a contagious fever when the vessel reached the dock. As this was the year of the cholera epidemic, the fever was mistaken for that dreadful disease. The sick men were placed in a rude hospital. The disease spread until there were few left to care for them and at last Peter White was called upon to act as nurse. Peter knew very little about drugs, or medicines of any kind. Instead of meddling with these mysteries he adopted the cold water treatment, which proved a blessing to his patients. Among them was the only physician in the community, Dr. Rogers, who received the same treatment as the immigrants. But he was not at all satisfied with Peter's methods. Although he tried to advise his nurse in a professional manner he was too weak to make himself understood. Peter continued his treatment, plunging his patients one after the other in the cold water to reduce the fever, and when, in their delirious ravings, they called for food or medicine he gave them

another bath and cold water to drink. In this vigorous manner he treated them for two weeks, until the fever began to subside. And then the Doctor said to him in a faint voice:

"Peter, you have saved our lives. If you could have understood what I was trying to say to you and had followed my advice you would have killed all of us."

Although Peter White is a native American, through his long and strenuous life in a cosmopolitan community added to his natural ability, he could speak several languages and various dialects, both French and Indian. No two distinct Indian tribes speak the same language. But this did not prevent him from talking with them. Whenever he came in contact with an Indian who spoke in a strange language he immediately set himself the task of learning it. In this way he acquired a wonderful vocabulary, which proved of great value in later years.

From a mere lad, the Indians were all his friends. They trusted him and liked him because he could talk to them and tell them stories in their own language. For this reason he often acted as interpreter when the company dealt with the Indians.

On one occasion he was sent on an important mission to Escanaba. For a boy of eighteen this was a great undertaking. It meant an overland trip across the peninsula, through a continuous forest. Two of his Chippewa friends volunteered to accompany him. Their names were Mongoose and Jimmeca. This was his first experience in following a blazed trail through a wilderness. At the end of the fourth day Peter was about ready to

turn back. There is nothing more monotonous and wearisome than following a trail. The dark woods seemed endless, and the silence was oppressive. He thought of the Children of Israel, who were in the Wilderness for forty years, and he pitied them. He had been in it but four days, and he was already weary and discouraged.

But at last after seven days spent in scrambling through brush and briers and tangles, and in floundering through swamps and marshes, he arrived at his destination. The return trip was made in five days. Upon his arrival home, while still aching and smarting from the effects of his journey, he made a resolution that he would never go into the wilderness again. But this resolution was soon broken.

During the first winter the little colony at Marquette was shut off almost entirely from communication with the outside world. There were only three or four mails brought into the place during the whole season and these were very highly prized. There were few letters and fewer newspapers. The newspapers were carefully wrapped in cloth to preserve them, and were passed from hand to hand until all had read them. The following winter, 1850, the population of Marquette had so increased that measures were taken to establish a regular mail service. Twelve hundred dollars was subscribed by different people, and the deputy postmaster who was in charge of postal affairs at the time was instructed to hire someone to go after the mail. Twelve hundred dollars seemed a fortune to Peter White and he quickly volun-

teered to carry the mail for the money. But the deputy postmaster laughed at him.

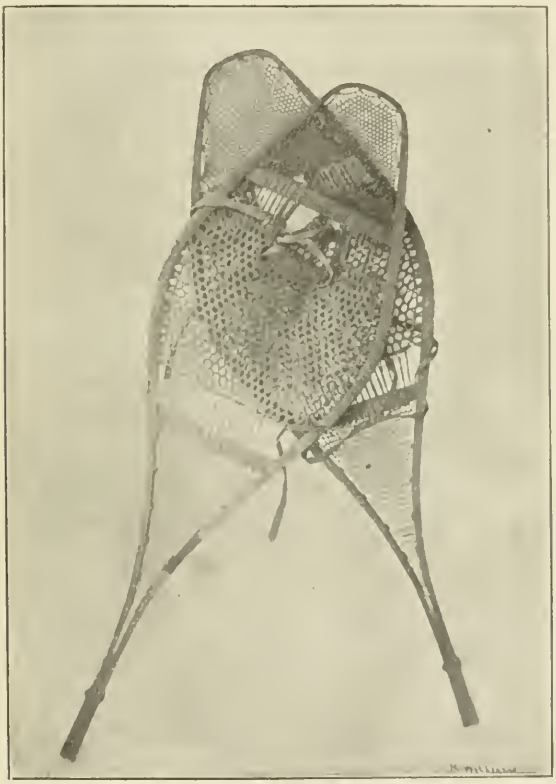
"You!" he said, "Why, you could not do it. You are not old enough nor strong enough. It will take a full-grown man to do the work."

But notwithstanding this rebuff, Peter's persistence won him the job, and in two days he started. Two of his Indian friends went with him. It seemed as if every man in Marquette had left a wife, or a mother, or children in some part of the country, and hundreds of letters were written by the men when they learned that Peter White was going to carry the mail.

Everybody was so interested in the great event that it really seemed as if the whole town was watching him when he started. The mail, together with the provisions they would need while on the trip, made a heavy back-load for Peter and his two companions. The mail was taken to L'Anse, where they met carriers from other points. Here Peter established a postal station. It was primitive and inexpensive, but it served as a postoffice without a postmaster. He hung a mail bag on the limb of a tree. In this he left the mail that remained for the carriers who had not yet arrived.

The second trip was not so tedious. A team of dogs and a sled were used to carry the mail. The sled was long and flat, shaped somewhat like a toboggan. The dogs were strong mongrel curs and could travel between four and five miles an hour. They were savage and stubborn and easily excited, especially when they scented the wolves that sneaked along the trail. At such times they became almost unmanageable. The only way they

could be kept under control was by feeding them at short intervals. The mail was securely strapped on the sled. Peter, on snow shoes, ran along by the side of it, guiding and controlling the leading dog by a strong string tied



PETER WHITE'S SNOW SHOES

to its collar. He carried a stick with which he stopped the sled when necessary by pushing it into the deep snow.

A recent writer has given us a pen picture of Peter

White when he first started out as mail carrier. He was a slender lad, with a full beard which seemed to add several years to his age. His dress was typical of the time as well as of the locality. He wore a blue and white striped hickory shirt, which was an extremely popular garment in the early days. Over this, both in summer and winter, he wore a heavy red flannel shirt. His moccasins, or shoe pacs, were large enough to allow room for two or three pair of warm woolen stockings. A thick coat, a wool or fur cap pulled down over the ears, and a knitted scarf wound around the neck completed the costume.

Peter made nine trips during the winter. Through his efficient service he became the most popular citizen of Marquette, even at that early day. But popularity, an unusual and uncommon experience, and a vigorous course in physical training were all he received for his winter's work. While the citizens of Marquette read and enjoyed their letters and newspapers they forgot all about their promises to pay their mail carrier for his services.

In 1851 Peter White went away from home on a fishing expedition. When he returned he found that the new County of Marquette had been organized and that he had been elected County Treasurer and Register of Deeds. He made a protest against accepting two such important offices, asserting that he was not yet of age and could not legally hold them.

"Peter, keep still," said one of his friends. "It is necessary that the County Clerk shall know how to write, and you are one of the few in Marquette who can do so."

Peter kept still and became a County official before he was twenty-one years of age. Through his appointment as Clerk, he became a member of the School Board, which office he has held ever since, a period of more than fifty years.

When the first vessel arrived at Marquette early in the spring of 1852 it brought a large letter, thick and bulky, bearing the seal of the United States Government, and the address of Peter White. Peter was very much astonished. He did not suppose that anyone outside the Marquette region had ever heard of him, least of all, anyone who was connected with the United States Government. He was afraid of the letter, and he refused to accept it and would not open it. He said he had done nothing against the Government and he did not want the Government to do anything to him. He declared that there had been some mistake and that the letter did not belong to him even if it did bear his name. At last, to settle the matter, a public meeting was called. A Mr. Jacobs acted as chairman. After much discussion, in which Peter still persisted in his determination to have nothing to do with the document, Mr. Jacobs said:

"I will open the letter for you, Peter, and I will be responsible for the consequences, whatever they may be."

Mr. Jacobs opened the letter and read aloud the application for the office of Postmaster. There was a blank space for Peter's signature and printed instructions for the filling out of other spaces with the names of his indorsers. But with all this, Peter still claimed that there was some mistake.

"It is not meant for me," he said, "and I will not accept the office."

But he changed his mind, and in a few weeks a mail bag with a complete postal equipment came to him, also his official appointment as Postmaster. He held the position for twelve years.

The population of Marquette increased with the growth of the mining industry. But with the approach of winter and the close of navigation they were still cut off from all communication with their friends. No railroad had yet been built. Again the citizens began to think of their newspapers and letters. It was the same old story repeated. Their last mail had reached them in October. They were becoming impatient. They realized that they would not receive any more during the entire winter unless something was done.

Their thoughts turned to their Postmaster, Peter White. A mass meeting was called and he was invited to attend. It was an enthusiastic and excited gathering that welcomed him. Many speeches were made. Everybody had something to say, and everybody agreed on the one thing. Peter White must go after the mail. No one else could do it. And Peter White once more became mail carrier for the people of Marquette.

He was accompanied by six Indians and three dog teams of six dogs each. It was in the month of January, 1854, that he started. They took nearly one thousand letters to be posted. The snow was very soft and snowshoeing was tedious. On the seventh day while they were advancing very slowly in the deep, wet snow that covered the ice of Green Bay they saw in the far, misty

distance what at first appeared to be five immense loads of hay slowly approaching them. But later, as the two processions drew nearer to each other, they saw five double teams drawing five sleigh loads of United States mail, bound for Lake Superior places, by way of Escanaba and Marquette. This mail matter weighed between seven and eight tons and was in charge of a Mr. Whitney of Green Bay. The Post Office at that place was so overcrowded with mail that it became necessary to send it on to its destination by this unusual method, instead of waiting for the carriers to come after it. Mr. Whitney had engaged ten men to assist him. Some were Indians and some were Frenchmen.

Peter White immediately took charge of the whole outfit. He packed the contents of one of the large sleighs on his dog sleds, and then sent the entire party, Indians and Frenchmen, horses and sleighs, and dogs and sleds, with the tons of mail on to Escanaba and Marquette, while he and Mr. Whitney took the team of horses and empty sleigh and drove to Green Bay.

Something has got to be done," said Peter, as he studied the conditions at the Post Office in this place. There was still left about a hundred bushels of mail for Marquette and other Lake Superior places, and more was arriving every day. He thought of his fellow-citizens who were anxiously awaiting his return with the welcome message that a regular mail service had been secured for them. He could not go back to them without it.

"Something has got to be done," he repeated. And he immediately set about doing something.

His first step in the matter was to communicate with General Cass in Washington. The nearest telegraph station was at Fond du Lac. Without delay he journeyed there and began sending messages at a rapid rate. Peter forgot that telegrams cost money, even more at that time than they do now. He told Senator Cass a great many things about the Upper Peninsula that he did not know. And if we can believe all the stories that are told about the affair, he scolded the United States Government vigorously, protesting against the treatment of the Upper Peninsula people by the Post Office Department. He kept the wires busy between Green Bay and Washington for two days.

At last he received a message informing him that a letter would soon arrive at Green Bay for him. While he was waiting for the letter the telegraph operator presented him with a bill for sixty dollars. Peter was very much surprised. He was a thrifty, clever calculator in all business matters, but in his excitement he had forgotten his principles. He had expected to pay about one-sixth of the amount, which he considered a fair rate. As the United States Government was responsible for the account Peter suffered no personal loss, but it is possible that he learned a valuable lesson in the mysteries of telegraphy.

In three days the letter arrived informing him that a special agent of the Post Office Department had been wired to meet him at Green Bay. While waiting for the agent he rearranged the collection of mail and mail bags in the Post Office, to make as great an exhibit as possible, in order to more thoroughly impress the Govern-

ment with the urgent need of a better service for the Upper Peninsula.

Peter displayed great tact in the management of the affair. He refrained from broaching the subject of business while his visitor was tired and hungry. Instead, he met him at the stage, escorted him to a hotel and gave him a fine supper. In a few hours he had secured the promise of one trip of the mail carriers each week from Green Bay to the Upper Peninsula. But he was not satisfied with this. He wanted more. And as has been the case in nearly everything that he has undertaken, he got what he wanted.

He continued to entertain the agent for several days longer with such a liberal hospitality that before he left Green Bay the service had been increased to three trips a week. From that date the people of the Upper Peninsula have always had a regular mail service.

In 1856 Peter White was elected a member of the State Legislature. It took him fifteen days to get to Lansing. He traveled on snow shoes from Marquette to Escanaba, and then through the woods to Green Bay, Wisconsin, a little more than 200 miles, most of the distance on snow shoes, and then by team to Fond du Lac, and through the woods to Jackson, Michigan. From there he walked to Lansing. His first appearance at Lansing created a sensation. Everybody had heard of him and he was heartily cheered as he took his seat.

In 1855 he began to study law. As there was neither lawyer nor judge in Marquette at that time he decided to provide one to settle the quarrels of his fellow-citizens. There was neither school nor college where he could

enter as a student, but there were books, and he began to study them, with such good results that he was later admitted to the bar and became a practicing lawyer in the town.

As the years passed Peter White grew to be a wealthy and influential man. Through his liberal generosity in all movements that pertained to improving or beautifying the city, or to the welfare of his fellow-citizens, he had become the leading man in Marquette.

Whenever the people of the Upper Peninsula were in need of Government assistance they called upon Peter White and they never called in vain. In 1875, when they wanted a railroad from Marquette to Ste. Ignace he was elected State Senator and sent to Lansing to secure a grant for that purpose. This was twenty years after his first election as a State Representative. On that occasion he walked the most of the way from Marquette to Lansing. This time he rode in a comfortable railway car.

It has been said that the name of Peter White is so conspicuous in all the great movements that mean the development of the Lake Superior country that it is difficult to decide whether he made the Upper Peninsula or the Upper Peninsula made him. But among all the great things which he has accomplished there is probably nothing which will prove such a lasting benefaction to the greatest number of his fellow-citizens as Presque Isle Park. The word Presque Isle means "almost an island," and is descriptive of the locality. It is a picturesque stretch of woodland, with a rugged, rocky shore. The United States Government had reserved it for light-

house purposes. Peter White could see it from his study window.

"What a fine park it would make," he said to himself.

And this thought grew in his mind until he decided that the City of Marquette needed a park much more than the Lighthouse Department needed Presque Isle, and he went to Washington to see what could be done about it. At first there was much opposition to his plan. But when the men who had the power to grant or to

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refuse his request heard his story and remembered what he had accomplished in hewing a city out of a wilderness and bringing civilization to its inhabitants, they changed

their minds. A bill was passed giving Presque Isle to Marquette for park purposes, and Mr. White went home with a certified copy of the law in his pocket.

No other man in the State of Michigan has seen so many and so great changes in his own community, and taken so active a part in those changes as Mr. White. Where once he followed the blazed Indian trail on snow shoes through an unbroken wilderness he now travels in comfortable luxury. The trails have been graded, bridged and tunneled, and long trains of cars speed over them. His dog teams and sledges with their bulky loads of precious newspapers and letters have passed out to make room for the modern fast mail. And his Indian companions have passed out with them. The hidden wealth of the ore beds which he first exposed to the sunlight is ever rising to the surface, and being borne away by the monster steel freighters which have crowded out of existence the pioneer schooner ore carriers. Where the ravenous wolf once howled and snarled around the pioneer homes, cities are growing, and there are mines, and mills and factories, giving employment to thousands of human beings. I find no fitter words to close this little story than those of the poet, William H. Drummond:

"When such men build the foundation, easy it is to raise the superstructure, and the trail Peter White has cut through life is blessed by acts of private charity, and deeds of public devotion that will serve as a guide to those who follow in the footsteps of a truly great, and, above all, a good man."

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